HOME MADE JINGLES

GRACE SORENSON

Christmas. 1911.

Grace Simmon

Home Made Jingles

By GRACE SORENSON

SECOND EDITION

1908

DOUGLAS PRINTING CO.
OMAHA, NEBR.

Grace Smucker

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PROEM.

'Twas not my fault that I was born
With jingles on my brain.
Because I've ground some out, please don't
Consider me insane.
Altho' I think I would have been
Unbalanced by this time,
If I had not thus gained relief
From their continual chime.

And so, my readers, here they are,
Put down in black and white,
And if you like them, good and well,
Or if you don't, all right.
Do not complain, if in your ears,
You sometimes hear them ring;—
'Tis only fair that you should share
My jingles' jing-a-ling.

Don't criticise the subjects which
I've been obliged to use:—
I had no opportunity
More lofty ones to choose.
As I was late in getting here,
Not much was left for me,
For greedy poets had grabbed all
Good themes for poetry.

But since I've done my best, I hope
Some credit will be earned;—
My verses are machine-made, yes
But I'm the crank that's turned.
I would have written brilliant prose
Of highest type instead,
But all my thoughts are measured by
A meter in my head.

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Home Made Jingles

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DISHES AND MEN.

"I wonder if you've ever thought
That dishes are like men?
If not, perhaps you'd like to learn
Of their resemblance then.

Now there are common dishes that
Are plain, but good and strong,
And in the kitchen or upon
The pantry shelf belong,

While all the more expensive ones,
Decked out in flow'rs and gold,
Sit proudly round the wall or in
The china cabinet, bold.

For family use, the common ones
Must serve three meals a day,
And when their work is done, they are
At once all put away.

And all the time the Haviland
Is sitting idly there,
Except on swell occasions when
It's spread around with care.

Ah, is it not with men the same?
The common class must toil,
While all their high-toned brothers are
Afraid their hands to soil.

The world looks on and praises those
Who make a grand display,
But those who've done the hardest work,
Unknown, unseen must stay.

And yet there's consolation for
The poor but honest folk,—
E'en Haviland and millionaires
Are useless when they're broke.

There's just one thing that I regret,
Which is a well known fact,—
They both are often kept about
Long after they are cracked.

A LULLABY.

Go to sleep, my baby,
Shut your little eyes,
Let your papa sooth you
With his weary sighs.
Lose yourself in slumber
Here on daddy's breast.
Let this poor, old fellow
Have a little rest.
Mamma is away, dear,
So you mustn't fight—
She is playing bridge now
Ev'ry other night.

Chorus—
Hush a bye, my baby,
Chase away that scowl—
For it is a prelude
To another howl.
There's no use in crying,
Tho' few things are worse
Than a bridge-fiend mother
And a whiskered nurse.
But when you are married
Then real woe begins.
Hush a bye, my baby,
I'm glad you're not twins.

When you grow to manhood,
If you ever do,
Then you'll understand, pet,
How I feel toward you.
I should like to stuff you
Full of cotton so
You would keep those bellows
To yourself, you know,
For you sound just like a
Young deserted calf.
I believe you've swallowed
A cheap phonograph.

Hurry up to sleep now,
Shut those blubb'ring eyes,
Mamma soon will be here
Gushing o'er her prize.
Then you'll wake up wider,
And I'll get abuse.
She will crossly tell me
That I am no use.
If you do not fasten
Those small lips real tight,
I'll insert a capsule
Filled with dynamite.

MODERN SURGERY.

"What are you doing there, my son,
  Upon the parlor floor?
I'm very sure I never saw
  You still so long before."

The doctor then in anger cried:
  "What mischief have you done?
You've cut my dictionary up!
  I do not like such fun."

"Why, papa," said the little boy,
  "I'm playing I am you,
And so an operation, dad,
  I really had to do.

"This book, I played was pale because
  You know it's never read;
I was afraid that it was ill
  And some day might be dead.

"And so I opened it right up,
  For I have heard you say
That operations always bring
  The surgeon's greatest pay.

"And, papa, tho' I didn't know
  Just what I was about,
I saw a big appendix there
  And straightway cut it out."

THE GRANDMA OF TODAY.

Where have the old grandmothers gone
  Who used to sit all day
Beside the fire and calmly knit
  The sunny hours away,

While little children played about,
  Or sat upon their laps,
And pulled the locks of snowy hair
  That fell beneath their caps?

How sweet it was to listen to
  The stories grandma told,
Which always sounded new again
  Altho' so very old.

How good it seemed when all went wrong
  Tho' you had done your best,
To have a big, old-fashioned cry
  On dearest grandma's breast.

But where, oh, where have they all gone—
  These grandmas of the past?
I've hunted for them far and wide
  But given up at last.

The grandma of today is young,
At least she tries to be;—
Unless you look real close at her,
No gray hairs can you see.

No longer now a little cap
Is resting on her head;
She wears a fine Parisian hat
Of latest style instead.

She does not knit beside the fire
For that is much too tame;
If there is any fun at hand,
Dear grandma's in the game.

You see her at the theater
You meet her on the links,
Competing with the high school girls,
In all her frills and kinks.

And in an auto she will tear
So fast along the street,
It isn't safe for boys and girls
Their grandmammas to meet.

A COMMON TYPE.

I've observed that many persons
Like to boast of what they've done,
And to tell of all their virtues
And the places where they've gone,
Never thinking that they bore you,
Never seeing you are tired,
But just wanting their achievements
To be known and then admired.

It is hard to get a word in,
Tho' you try with might and main,
As to stop their tongues a moment
Is to give these people pain.
If you should by some maneuver
Their loud blowing once suppress,
You would feel remorse and pity
When you saw their great distress.

So it's best to sit and listen,
Resignation on your face,
If within their friendship circle
You would keep your honored place.
As they have no use for persons
Who their ego channels clog,
And who spoil with interruptions
Their perpetual monologue.

But I think they ought to pay us
For the patience that we show—
We display a heroism
Of the martyrs long ago.
Now if we could have a penny
For each time they used an "I,"
All our earthly needs and longings
We could shortly satisfy.

Like electric fans these persons
Can be felt just when they blow.
That is why in constant motion
They both keep hot air, you know.
But the former are the better,
For when we have had enough,
We can gently press a button
And the empty blast turn off.

AN HONEST AGENT.

"I will not take a moment of your time,"
The agent said, "but I
Have here a preparation which I'd like
So much to have you try."
The busy housewife shook her head and frowned.
"You cannot interest me,"
She snapped in crossest tone and then she said,
"I'm cleaning house, you see."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I'm sure
You never will regret
The purchase of this simple remedy—
The best discovered yet.
It will remove the wrinkles from your brow
And make you young once more."
The agent was advancing and he now
Had gained the parlor door.

A look of darkest anger shone upon
The housewife's dried-up face.
She shook her fist and said, "Look here, young man,
I'll have you know your place!
Not once before in all my life have I
By any one been told
That I am wrinkled in the least, or that
I now am growing old."

"Again I ask your pardon, ma'am, for I
Intended no offense.
A man you know is often lacking in
A little common sense.
I don't deny that you are young, of course.
This drug, I meant to say,
Will keep you from becoming older than
You are this very day."

The housewife quickly seized the bottle and
Said, "That's remarkable,
And yet it hardly seems to me that it
Is very reas'nable.
If you can prove that what you say is true,
A bottle I will buy.
Please give me names of customers who can
Its value testify."

"Ah, that is eas'ly done," the agent said.
"The fifteenth of last May,
I sold two of my largest bottles at
The house across the way.
Yes, Mrs. Green and Mrs. Browne both said
My tonic must be great.
You see to give good names I am not forced
To lie or hesitate."

The housewife cried in tones of horror then,
"Your tonic they both tried?
Ah, that explains the reason why next day
Both of my neighbors died."
"What better testimony do you want?"
The agent had grown bold.
"Did I not tell you that my tonic would
Keep one from growing old?"

THOSE SALES.

I'll have to move away from town
Or bankrupt I shall be,
For ev'ry time there is a sale
My wife holds up poor me.

I used to breakfast quite in peace
Before the sales began,
And did not realize I was
A very happy man.

But now I must arise at six
And help prepare the food,
Or else in tears my wife will say
I am no earthly good.

And then at night, when I come home,
There is a grand display
Of ribbons, laces, waists and skirts
And ev'rything that's gay.

"Just see," she says, "how much I've made;
These things that were so steep
I bought for just half price, my dear,
And that you know is cheap.

"I didn't need them—no, not all,
But then you know I may,
And it is right I should look out
For some cold, rainy day."

Alas, that day will surely come,
And bargains will we own,
But when it comes to cold, hard cash
I fear that we'll have none.

WHEN PAPA'S SICK.

When papa's sick, it's awful at our house.
I always want to run away,
'Cause I don't like to keep still as a mouse
An' hear him grunt an' groan all day.
An' up an' down the stairs he makes us go
'Most ev'ry second, an' then some,
To bring him things, an' then he says we're slow,
But we must grin an' just keep mum.

When mamma's sick, she doesn't act like that;
She only smiles and says she will
Be all right soon, an' then my head she'll pat,
An' say, "You needn't be so still."
But I just think she suffers more than dad,
'Cause I have watched her thin, white face,
An' I've seen wrinkles come a-creepin' sad,
An' sit down in her smile's old place.

My papa takes the cake for makin' noise.
Gee whiz! the way he always swears
Is most enough to give such little boys
As me a lot of awful scares.
If he was pigs or hogs a-bein' killed
He wouldn't sound a bit more worse,
'Cause, when a house is full of screams, it's filled
As full as it can be, of course.

An' papa is so 'fraid that he will die
  Most ev'ry time that he gets sick.
It's queer the way he gets religion. My!
  He gets a stack of it so quick.
But he ain't got the really, truly kind
  Like mamma's got, an' gives to me,
'Cause, when he's well, I'm pretty sure his mind
  Ain't got no use for piety.

An' when my papa goes an' gets a chill,
  You ought to see how he can shake.
The bedclothes look just like a little hill
  That's tremblin' with a bad earthquake.
One day I thought I'd comfort him, an' said,
  "Dear papa, you will nevermore
Be havin' chills, I know, when you are dead."
  I wonder why my papa swore?

AFTER THE BALL.

How wearily she climbed the stairs
And sighed, "I'm almost dead!
I'm glad it's over so that I
In peace can go to bed."

She laid her stunning hat and gown
Upon a rocking chair,
And then she carefully took off
Her wealth of golden hair.

She left her eyebrows on a towel,
And her complexion pink
She let go whirling round the bowl
And down the drain pipe sink.

She put her glasses in their case,
And, on a shelf beneath,
She laid her beautiful new set
Of pearly, well-kept teeth.

She took her dainty slippers off
And said, "How small I feel!
Most of my height I left within
That wonderful French heel."

And when she went to get in bed
She hunted ev'rywhere,
But could not find herself at all,
Because she wasn't there.

LEAP YEAR.

Once more, dear maiden, yes, once more,
The time for you is here,
So now brace up and take new life,
And greet this glad leap year.

If you've been slighted in the past,
The bygones all forget,
Since there's an opportunity
To be a Mrs. yet.

Don't let this happy chance slip by,
Or you will feel remorse.
Go ask some man to take your hand
For better or for worse.

The woods are full of men who would
Be happy, goodness knows,
If some old girls should seek them out
This leap year and propose,

For they've abandoned ev'ry hope
Of roping in good wives,
And settled down resignedly
To lonesome bach'lor lives.

On each new crop of pretty girls
They've wasted precious hours,
And spent a fortune in bonbons
And fragrant hothouse flowers.

But after all their efforts, they
Were turned out in the cold,
And not to show themselves again
Were very frankly told.

Ah, pity these forlorn old men,
Dear women who are left,
For many dozen times their hearts
In pieces have been cleft.

They're on the bargain counter now,
With prices very cheap,
So pop the question and find out
Why this year is called leap.

PINS.

I wonder if you've ever thought
Tho' many thousand pins you've bought,
  Your stock is often low?
And to your mind is it made clear
Why all the pins soon disappear,
  Or don't you care to know?

You say you drop them at your feet,
Upon the floor or in the street,
  But don't you wonder why
The millions of them lost each day
Do not obstruct the public way
  And prick the passer-by?

I often thought the matter o'er,
But grew no wiser than before,
  In spite of all my pains.
So I decided it was best
To let such weighty matters rest
  With stronger, better brains.

At last an article I read,
In which the brilliant writer said
  In words that sounded well,
That why all pins go from our view
Before with them we are quite thro',
  The reason he could tell.

He said when pins are left exposed
To air, they soon are decomposed
  And to their native form return.
Now if his statement is all right
Upon the weather it throws light—
  Why air is sharp we learn.

TOO SLOW FOR HIM.

"I've got no use for colleges,"
Old Farmer Greenleaf said,
"An' I know lots about 'em, too."
He slowly shook his head.

"Now my son Oscar spent four years
Away back east somewhere,
I cannot think just where he was.
What's more I do not care.

"He was real sensible when he
First went away to school,
But when he came back home again,
He was a first-class fool,

"For when I asked what he learned at
The university,
He said, 'Why, dad, behind my name
I now can write A. B.'

"I swore at him an' said, 'That's all
The cash from me you'll get.
I'd think by this time you could write
The whole darned alphabet.'"

MISSIONARY WORK.

Going off to foreign countries,
  Trying heathen souls to save,
Is a sacrifice that's noble,
  Is, of course, an act that's brave;
Or to toil in slums and fact'ries
  With the lowly and oppressed
Is a kind of work that brings us,
  Of results, the very best.

Yet sometimes I can't help wond'ring
  If these people ought to be
Objects of our time and money,
  Taking all our charity;
For the Bible emphasizes
  That the poor will win rewards,
But the rich must be contented
  With their present earthly hoards.

And it's true that oft the wealthy
  Are more wicked than the poor,
For their money brings temptations
  Which their souls cannot endure.
And their many, many idols
  Made of silver and of gold
Will at last be found quite useless
  When their funeral bells are tolled.

Heaven's gate will not admit them
And they'll cry out in despair,
Wishing that the missionaries
Of their souls had taken care.
Therefore, we should not go slumming
Or in foreign countries roam,
Till we've given our attention
To the heathen here at home.

RARE, INDEED.

St. Peter looked at him and said,
"I am surprised that you
Should have the nerve to class yourself
Among the chosen few.

"Why have you come to heaven's gate
With such a hopeful face?
Is it because you think at last
I'll give you three days' grace?

"There is no record by your name,
Of good deeds you have done—
And you had ample time on earth
For charity, my son.

"So do not try to argue here,
Nor what I've said dispute,
But take this shovel on your back
And quickly shoot the chute!"

"But, sir," the young man bravely said,
There's one thing you should know,
And, when I tell you what it is,
Upon my word I'll go.

"I've been a selfish man, but this
One act my soul may save—
Last week, upon the car, my seat,
Up to a girl I gave."

"Come in! Come in!" St. Peter cried,
"I'm glad to welcome you,
For men who do such things as that
Are nowadays quite few."

The young man added, 'neath his breath,
"Oh, yes, indeed, they are;
I did it just because I was
About to leave the car."

DANCING AND CHURCHES.

The minister who sanctions dancing
In modern thought is far advancing,
  In spite of all the censure he receives.
He knows old fogies all abhor it,
That up-to-daters all adore it,
  Yet it has many virtues he believes.

He thinks that youth should have full measure
Of innocent and healthful pleasure;
  That dancing is a splendid exercise,
And so he sees no good objection
To giving both his strong protection,
  Altho' he's viewed by many scornful eyes.

He is correct in his surmises
That, if he widely advertises
  The fact his church each month will give a dance,
The flock of sheep within his pasture
Will seek the fold and seek it faster
  And gladly round the shepherd they will prance.

He understands that very often
His people have no souls to soften
  And they'd prefer to linger on the street,
If he would not some way allure them
And by his strategy secure them
  Attraction for the soles upon their feet.

EXCLUSIVE.

She was exclusive all her life—
Exclusive as could be—
But why she was nobody knew;
It was a mystery.

Of course, some people thought she was
Aristocratic, so
To climb her lofty heights they were
Thro' ice all glad to go.

But when they'd reach her pinnacle
They'd sigh in real despair;
In spite of their great efforts, they
Would find so little there.

And yet they felt quite honored that
They knew her after all;
But it was sad to see how some
At her command would crawl.

But when she took the smallpox then
Her friends kept far away.
They knew she was exclusive and
Exclusive she could stay.

LIBERTY.

It is so diff'rent at our house
From what it used to be,
But I ain't kickin'—not a bit,
Because it just suits me.

There's lots of dust upon the chairs
And in the corners, too,
And not a single window can
You see the sunshine thro'.

There are great cobwebs on the walls
The spiders all have made,
But when the curtains are pulled down,
They're hidden in the shade.

And in the sink the dishes are
Piled high as Gild'roy's kite,
For papa only washes them
'Most ev'ry other night,

As, when he comes home from his work,
The beds he has to make,
And then he's spendin' lots of time
In learnin' how to bake.

My face is dirty as can be,
  My trousers are all torn,
And for two weeks, at least, I'm sure,
  This ragged shirt I've worn.

I have the toughest boys for friends,
  Who swear and smoke and chew,
And when I'm with the gang, you bet,
  I always do it, too.

I used to say my prayers each night
  Beside my mamma's knee,
But I don't say them any more,
  And I am glad—oh, gee!

Not long ago I was a boy
  Without a privilege,
But now I do whate'er I please,
  While mamma's playin' bridge.

AFFINITIES.

Affinity is much too tame,
We ought to find a better name
To give this modern animal,
For it's as wild as it can be
And cares not for propriety
And of its kind the woods are full.

It has a human form, some say,
But made of very common clay
And has no sign of soul to lose.
Perhaps that's why it feels so free
To take unbounded liberty
In doing just what it may choose.

Thro' all the country now it roams,
Destroying fast the finest homes.
It enters almost any place,
For always it knows how to wear
A harmless and a charming air,
Deceiving all with subtle grace.

But while it is allowed to lurk
Around the home, it's deadly work
Is done. And swift it bears away,
Unheeding prayers and tears and sighs
And laughing at heart-broken cries,
Its coveted and precious prey.

So men and women, it is right—
Domestic animals can bite—
To watch and guard your families.
Beware of home made blonds so sweet
And smooth-faced grandpas whom you meet,
For they are oft affinities.

FOR ART'S SAKE.

In social doings she would not
The slightest interest take,
For she preferred to study hard
And practice for art's sake.

Her girlhood years all rolled away
And she was twenty-one,
But still she'd rather work all day
Than have a bit of fun.

When she was graduated from
A music school back east,
A good foundation then she felt
She had secured, at least.

"With this diploma now I can
Some earnest work begin,
I'll teach a while," she said, "and then
I'll study in Berlin."

In just a year she'd earned enough
To cross the ocean blue.
For art's sake, she had labored hard
But still had much to do.

Upon the boat she met a man
Whose name was Arthur White,
And on the deck they used to sit
And watch the stars each night.

And now she still is working hard,
And tho' she has to bake,
And sew and wash and mend and scrub,
She does it for Art's sake.

BELLS.

In early childhood days
He heard the school bells ring,
And he disliked to hear
Their jing-a-ling-a-ling.
Each week on Sabbath morn,
The church bells loudly would
Remind him of the fact
He was not very good.
In youth he took his girl
Out riding in a sleigh,
But, oh, those horrid bells
Drove all his fun away.
When wedding bells proclaimed
That they were man and wife,
A lot of other bells
Came ringing in his life.
The baby very soon
Had bells upon her toys,
And made her papa grow
Quite frantic with the noise.
He'd darkly frown each time
The telephone bell rang.
He could not stand to hear
The street car's ugly clang.
The door bell set him wild

Each time he heard its call,
For he was sure that he
Despised it most of all.
That anything could ring
He now felt pretty sure—
This thought so full of pain
He hardly could endure.
Each time his busy wife
To do the washing chose,
She'd stand beside the tub
And wring and wring the clothes.
And almost ev'ry week
He wrung a chicken's neck.
No wonder that he was
Almost a nervous wreck!
He later wrung his hands,
For how his heart was wrung,
Whene'er the praises of
His lovely child were sung.
The poor man feared what I
Am now obliged to tell.
Alas, his only child
Had turned into a belle.

THE LIMIT.

No doubt, because my wife knows how
To decorate the dishes now,
I ought to be full of delight—
Instead, I've lost my appetite.

The platter is a sight to see
For it is done so gaudily,
And all our plates, both large and small,
In colors bright adorn the wall.

At first she paints the flowers gay,
And then to make the patterns stay,
She has to fire them all. Dear me,
It really is a mystery!

But then I'm sure I wouldn't mind
If to the dishes she'd confine
Her art. My faith in firing shook
When she announced she'd fired the cook.

THEY.

We hear about them all the time;
They're spoken of as "they,"
But who they are or where they live,
I really cannot say.

They set the fashion ev'ry year,
And what they say is style
The other people scramble for
And put on with a smile.

They always know just what to do
Out in society,
And if we do the same as they
It is propriety.

They tell us what late books are good
And which are bad also,
And if we don't read what they do,
We are behind, you know.

They always spend a lot of time
In gossiping each day,
And all the people listen and
Repeat it as, "They say."

Oh, is there no one brave enough
To care not what they do?
I'd like to see the person that
Would tell them to skidoo.

THE HURRY AGE.

Why is it that the people rush about,
As tho' by mad dogs chased,
Afraid a minute or a second of
Their time may go to waste?
Down town just notice what a nervous look
The passers-by all wear,
And how they haven't time to stop, but pass
Like rockets in the air.

Each morning long before the sunlight sends
Dim rays across their eyes,
They feel that from their downy beds they must
In greatest haste arise.
Their breakfasts are put out of sight so fast
They burn their mouths and tongues,
And very often loud explosions crack
Their tender throats and lungs.

The men will then jump up and grab their hats
And kiss their panting wives,
And down the street they'll tear as if they had
To run to save their lives.
The whole day long they'll move about like streaks
Of lightning that's well greased,
And even when they start for home at night,
Their speed has not decreased.

The women, when their husbands leave for work,
Will churn the big dish pan,
And wash and wipe the dishes just as fast
As anybody can.
Then puffing like steam engines, they will sweep
And dust the living rooms;—
I'm sure electric batteries could not
More swiftly move their brooms.

The children all race off at once to school,
Scarce taking one good breath.
Arriving later at the school house, they
Look almost scared to death.
Then home again at noon they scamper fast
And o'er each other roll,
To see who'll get there first and then consume
Their red-hot lunches whole.

Ah, foolish hustlers, does it pay to have
These daily nervous shocks?
If you are sure you haven't time enough,
Why don't you buy more clocks?
But if you feel that you must ever move
At record-breaking rates,
I hope the future generations will
Be born on roller skates.

SANTA SPEAKS.

At last my Christmas work is done
And my vacation has begun
    And I can rest a bit.
No wonder that I am all in
And that I look so pale and thin,
    While here alone I sit.

In madd'ning haste I have been whirled
Around this whole gigantic world
    Within a single night.
A wireless message could not beat
The swiftness of my reindeers' feet
    O'er vales and mountains white.

And now that I can think, I sigh,
Was ever man more worked than I,
    Or more imposed upon?
And not one word of thanks I'll get;
Instead the children soon forget
    How much for them I've done.

The million tons of mail I've read
Have made me wish that I was dead
    Instead of being here.
That ev'ry little girl and boy
Depends on me for Christmas joy,
    The letters all make clear.

And some poor children wonder why
On Christmas eve I pass them by
And leave no gift behind,
While wealthy children far and near
Have never had a single fear
That I their homes won't find.

Ah, children, even Santa must
Be domineered by an old trust
Of wealthy men composed,
And so he can't perform what he
Should do for noble charity,
And often feels disposed.

Altho' I do not like the way
The unions thrive and grow today,
I'll not complain, because
To shelve old men is now the rage
And how I'd hate, in my old age,
The name Ex-Santa Claus.

A DEBUTANTE.

"I soon shall be a debutante,"
The pretty maiden sighed,
While glancing in the mirror with
A feeling of real pride.

"I've been away to school a year
And traveled far abroad.
Of knowledge, I've a smattering—
Enough to be a fraud.

"On me, my father's spent a lot
Of money, I confess;
And so, of course, I ought to be
A very great success.

"Think how embarrassed and downcast
He'd be if I should fail,
Since I've been advertised so much
And offered now for sale.

"My debut is an auction and
The highest bidder wins,
No matter what his age may be,
Nor what his faults and sins.

"I hope that I'll be bought real soon,
So mother, dear, can sleep,—
She says that remnants nowadays
Must always go so cheap."

COLD STORAGE.

I am a turkey, old and tough,
Killed just five years ago,
And it is well that people don't
My real condition know.

For if they did, they wouldn't eat
A single bite of me,
And then the deuce would be to pay
And not the butcher—see?

Altho' I look so lifeless here,
I'm not a dead one yet,
Because there's life enough in me
Of many kinds, you bet.

Cold storage is all right, no doubt,
To keep us looking well;
What else it does for turkeys, why
I hadn't better tell.

But you can find out for yourself
'Most any time you choose—
A simple little microscope
Is all you have to use.

But then, of course, I don't believe
It really would be right
For you to spoil or lessen your
Thanksgiving appetite.

SWOOPERS.

Within the theater I'll sit
And watch the people come,
And wonder who they are and where
They all have landed from.

And as I'll sit there pondering
A sudden lull I'll feel,
While to my nose a noisy breath
Of perfume now will steal.

And ere I've time to turn around,
A rustle loud and clear,
The sound waves in the theater
Will carry to my ear.

At once upon my vision breaks
A phantom of real style—
A swooper, swell and swaggering,
Goes swooping down the aisle.

She gives the audience much time
Her loveliness to see,
For swoopers are the side shows which
In theaters are free.

She stands while she takes off her cloak—
  Her opera cloak so grand—
And boldly flashes in our eyes
  The jewels on her hand.

And how she hates to take her seat—
  To vanish from our view,
For when she sits she knows that her
  Performance is 'most thro'.

Ah, swoopers, how I pity you!
  Your work in life is vain,
For tho' you strive so hard for praise,
  How little is your gain!

We know your clothes are fine, of course,
  Their fashion, oh, so smart,
And all agree your pretty face
  Is one grand work of art.

But, take them from you, naught is left,
  In spite of all your pains,
For you have advertised the fact
  That swoopers have no brains.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION.

She had no soul for music, but
When she grew up she found
To tell the truth about her soul
Would quite uncultured sound.

And so she went to concerts that
Were very classical,
Applauding all the numbers, tho'
She liked them not at all.

She'd often close her eyes and look
As tho' her thoughts had soared;
But underneath her dreamy smile
She felt just "awful bored."

Sometimes she'd gently tap her foot,
Or keep time with her head;
She could not keep from doing it,
She hoped it would be said.

And tho' the program was too deep
For her to understand,
When it was o'er, she'd sigh and say,
"Oh, it was simply grand!"

But what else could she do, for all
Her friends in scorn would laugh
If she would tell them she preferred
Her neighbor's phonograph.

TO A SILK PETTICOAT.

Silk petticoat, thy voice I like to hear
Break on the solemn stillness of the air,
When I'm in church and kneeling down in prayer,
For thy proud accents are so crisp and clear,
Announcing ev'ry second thou art near,
Proclaiming that thy owner, plain or fair,
Thy plaited ruffles can afford to wear—
A privilege that's known to be quite dear.
And when I hear thee rustling down the aisle,
A song of praise within my heart I sing.
E'en tho' thou art put on for show and style,
I am aware thou art a pow'rful thing,
As thou each Sunday for a little while
To church, thy mistress, old or young, can bring.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

Now as the autumn days have gone
And winter's cold comes creeping on,
  My thoughts turn from the outside charm,
Where for so long they roamed at will
O'er red-leaf'd woodland, vale and hill,
  And dwell on means of keeping warm.

And sitting here, wrapped up in thought
Of how much hard coal must be bought
  Before the spring time comes again,
I can't help thinking furnaces
Are very useful nuisances,—
  In fact they are just like some men.

They're very changeable and go
Whichever way the wind may blow.
  To me it doesn't seem just right
That they must be watched constantly
And tended ever carefully
  So they will not go out at night.

They often smoke and spoil the air;
Their pipes are scattered ev'rywhere
  Throughout the house. Their ashes lie
Just where they fall in ugly heaps.
To clean them up it always keeps
  Some thoughtful person on the fly.

A lot of draughts they daily need
To keep them going, or indeed
They lose their cheerful light.
How many times they have to lunch,
Tho' just some poker, chips, and punch,
Will make the fire within them bright.

Whene'er I've seen them in the dark,
I've noticed that they always spark.
Their many flames make them look gay;
And when they get down very low,
We heap hot coals on them, you know,
And soon like men, they are O. K.

A DAILY SCENE.

"I'll pay your fare," said Mrs. Jones,
"I have a dime right here."
"Indeed you won't," said Mrs. Smith,
"I will not let you, dear."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Mrs. Jones,
"In fact I'm going to.
There is no reason why I should
Not pay this once for you."

"Ah, thank you, dear," said Mrs. Smith.
"It's kind of you, I know,
But not a cent to anyone
Will Harry let me owe.

"Upon the other hand, I will
Pay for us both instead.
Here! Here! conductor, take my dime,
I'll pay for two," she said.

But Mrs. Jones jumped up and cried,
Quite loudly, "Don't you dare!
Conductor, take my dime at once.
I wish to pay her fare."

The women held each other's hands
And struggled there awhile,
Until the poor conductor went
Collecting down the aisle.

When he was gone, said Mrs. Jones,
"We've made a scene, no doubt,
But we're down town already, so
Let's hurry and get out."

And when they on the corner stood,
They each thought, "I declare,
I'm glad I didn't have to pay
A cent of street car fare."

HER FATE.

Tho' hard you try, you can't avoid,
No matter what you do,
The death that on some future date
Is now awaiting you.

I knew a woman once who was
Afraid to go down town,
Because she thought a runaway
Might come and knock her down.

She was afraid to take a ride
In any kind of boat
For, if she was upset, she knew
Her body wouldn't float.

She would not go to circuses,
Altho' she liked a show,
Because she thought the animals
Might eat her up, you know.

And when electric storms would come
She'd madly run about,
And close the shutters and the blinds
To keep the lightning out.

At night when she would go to bed,
She'd toss about and turn.
She could not go to sleep because
She feared the house might burn.

One day her husband realized
How poky was her life,
And so he bought a Paris hat
And gave it to his wife.

But when she saw the lovely thing
She gasped and lost her breath.
Alas, the feathers on the hat
Had tickled her to death.

HOLD UPS.

The man who says, "Hands up!" and then demands,
"Your money or your life,"
Must do his daring work at night and spend
The sunny hours in strife.
He has no peace of mind at all because
He's likely to be caught,
And, for committing such a crime, before
The court of justice brought.

Now there are other kinds of hold ups who
May rob in broad daylight,
But they are never forced by fear or law
To vanish from our sight.
Upon the other hand, they grow more bold
And let all people see
The great impression they can make
Upon society.

How many lawyers cunningly defraud
Their clients ev'ry day,
And with their stolen property then go
Undaunted on their way;
And how the surgeons always charge for what
They do and do not do.
The hold ups! How they cut up when they thrust
Their butcher knives in you.

And what tremendous hauls the merchants make
Each time they have a sale!
The prices that they charge for hats alone
Should land them all in jail.
And tailors are another species of
The daylight robber we
Allow to make our pockets empty—but
They suit us to a T.

The dainty dentists put us fast asleep
With gas or chloroform,
And, while we're helpless there within their pow'r,
Great miracles perform.
We are surprised when we awake to find
The teeth they've had to fill,
But we are horror-stricken when the first
Brings round their lengthy bill.

There are a lot of other hold ups but
I can't name ev'ry one,
And so I'll leave the rest of them to you,
Since I my part have done.
But when the last great roll is called and when
The devil takes his due,
He'll roast a stack of daylight thieves and thugs.
Dear friend, will he roast you?

TO THOSE WHO SMOKE.

To me it is a funny sight
And really quite a joke,
To watch the men pour from their mouths
Gigantic clouds of smoke.

As on the street they puff about,
I think that their cigars
Look just like little engines that
Are pulling choo-choo cars.

And when they stand or sit a while
And still the smoke rolls up,
They seem like old volcanoes that
Must ev'ry day erupt.

Oh, think how worried men would be
And how they'd fret and fuss,
If Nature had decreed that some
Should be afflicted thus.

Appendicitis then would be
A fashion of the past,
For those who had smokitis would
Be carved up thick and fast.

ANCESTORS.

How much some persons like to talk
About their family trees!
With lots of them, I think it is
A very bad disease.

Whenever they can get a chance,
They'll take the greatest pains
To tell about the noble blood
Which courses thro' their veins.

Just count the great grandfathers who
Were generals so brave,
That, for the glory of their flag,
Their precious lives they gave.

How many cousins, uncles, aunts,
Abe Lincoln must have had;
His poor relations, no doubt, made
Him feel at times quite sad.

And some can trace their ancestry
Clear back to England's shore,
Where on the family trees are strung
Great lords and kings galore.

It's strange the Mayflower didn't sink
While sailing o'er the sea,
For how it carried such a crowd
Has always puzzled me.

But then, perhaps, it's just as well
To let our neighbors talk,
And put a value on their rare
And good old family stock,

For if they didn't blow about
Their aristocracy,
From their appearance, we might judge
Them common folk, you see.

HIS GIFT.

It was the first gift he had bought
His wife for many years,
And so the heavy bundle made
Her eyes fill up with tears.

She quickly tore the wrapper off
And found a fine array
Of articles of ev'ry kind,
Which made a grand display.

Some shoes there were with great, high heels,
And stockings, red and blue;
And there were ribbons, black and white,
And ribbons purple, too.

She found a carving knife and fork,
A match safe made of brass,
A lovely drawn-work doily and
A silver looking-glass.

Some green and yellow pillow tops
Were next to some coon songs,
While underneath were spools of thread
And fancy curling tongs.

And now the living room looked like
A five and ten cent store,
For there were dolls and books and games
And postal cards galore.

The wife was gravely entertaining doubts
About her husband's head;
"Why did you buy such things for me?"
She very softly said.

"Ah, if you do not like them, Jane,
My last hopes you will wreck;
I didn't know what else to do
With that old cashier's check."

A BROKEN RESOLVE.

From worldly cares the business man
Thought he would steal away,
And for the first time in five years
He'd keep the Sabbath day.

He dressed up in his Sunday best
And walked to church quite fast,
So he'd arrive before his good
Intentions had all passed.

The first part of the service pleased
Him very much indeed.
He liked the prayers, he liked the hymns,
He liked the church's creed.

And he began to wonder why
He had not come before,
Resolving in his heart that he
Would surely come some more.

But now the minister commenced
The church's needs to tell,
And urged and begged them one and all
Its dwindling funds to swell.

He mentioned that, for those who had
Not yet secured their pews,
A number of good seats was left
From which they now could choose.

And then he thought that all should give
As much as they well could
To help the missionary work,
Which was so great and good.

He spoke at length of many sales
The church that week would hold,
And said he hoped the articles
Would ev'ry one be sold.

He also hoped the offering
Would be real large that day,
So that he would be able soon
Some of his debts to pay.

And now the plate was passed around,
While jingle, jingle, jing,
The dollars, dimes and nickels gave
A loud, commercial ring.

And when the business man threw down
His piece of hard-earned cash,
He felt his late and good resolve
Go breaking all to smash.

"Religion of this kind," he said,
"Fills me with much disgust;
I'm not surprised that some don't like
The words 'In God We Trust.'"

UP TO DATE.

She wore a jaunty sailor hat,
  Altho' 'twas said that she
Had lived on land for thirty years
  And never saw the sea.

Two college hat pins held it firm,
  Tho' learning she had none—
Not even thro' the grammar grades
  Or high school had she gone.

An automobile veil she wore,
  Her freckled skin to hide,
But in an automobile she
  Had never had a ride.

In winter time she had a pair
  Of golf gloves, bright and gay,
But when one spoke of golf to her,
  She said she didn't play.

And tho' she did not like the men,
  Nor any of them know,
Whene'er she walked upon the street,
  Beside her was a bow.

NO ESCAPE.

"Real happiness," said Mr. Grey,
"To people is unknown,
Until they have a house and lot
Which are their very own.
Now Mary, while I work today
I wish that you would call
Up real estate men on the 'phone,
And interview them all."
So just as soon as Mrs. Grey
Found that she was alone,
She took her station in the hall
Beside the telephone.
Now ev'ry man that talked to her
Was very sure that he
Possessed or else could shortly find
Her splendid property.
They took her number, as they wished
To talk to her again,
For real estate men, ev'ryone,
Are quite loquacious men.
But on the morrow just as soon
As breakfast was all o'er,
The 'phone began to ring as it
Had never rung before.
All morning long poor Mrs. Grey
Was answering the bell,

And hearing of great bargains that
The agents had to sell.
The real estate men's memories
She found to be no good—
They had forgotten she desired
A certain neighborhood.
She'd told them that six thousand was
The most she could afford,
But higher than ten thousand had
Those earthly men all soared.
In spite of her great protests they
Insisted they would call,
Because they knew they had just what
She wanted after all.
And soon they came in runabouts
And automobiles gay,
To take out riding for a while
Unwilling Mrs. Grey.
Now when her husband from his work
Came home at last that night,
He said, "Those agents, dear, have made
My life today a fright.
Since morning I have changed my mind.
A home I covet not,
Instead from one of them I'll buy
A cemetery lot.
To get beyond their reach, I think
This way the very best.
And yet, no doubt, our very graves
Those ground hogs will infest."

CHRISTMAS JUNK.

The stores have all begun to don
  Their holiday attire;
They're putting on attractive togs
  To tempt the Christmas buyer.

Their windows fast are filling up
  With ev'ry kind of toy,—
Variety enough to please
  'Most any girl or boy.

The counters now are loaded with
  Great piles of Christmas books,
And they are very brilliant ones,—
  At least they are in looks.

A lot of useless bric-a-brac,
  In colors bright and gay,
Is waiting for the customers
  To carry it away.

Cheap tinsel by the yard is used
  To catch the passer-by,
For, when he's caught, the merchant knows
  He will proceed to buy.

And oh, the gaudy gewgaws that
  Are ev'rywhere displayed
Make all sane people wonder if
  By lunatics they're made.

And yet we soon will join the throng
  And spend our precious cash,
To swell the merchants' bank accounts
  And please our friends with trash.

MICROBES.

It is not wise to telephone,
Because the doctors say
That microbes, small but dangerous,
Within the mouthpiece stay.

Library books are bad to read,
As far as health's concerned,
Since microbes lodge beneath the leaves,
From wise men we have learned.

And now the time will come no more
When loving kisses please,
Because we're daily told that they
Are loaded with disease.

Altho' we're dying for a drink
Of water, cold and pure,
We mustn't use a drinking cup,
For it has microbes sure.

If we should fail to get a seat
Within a crowded car,
We'd better fall than grab a strap
For there the microbes are.

And money, too, physicians say,
Is almost death to touch,
But do they practice what they preach?
Well, I should say—Not much!

Now, if post-mortems should be held
On doctors, we would gain
The knowledge that these learned men
Have microbes on the brain.

CURTAIN CALLS.

It is well to be taken away from oneself
And lost in the thought of a play.
To enjoy a good laugh at the jokes which are sprung
Will make a blue person feel gay;
And to weep when the heroine dies or is killed
Is good for the young and the old,
For it makes warm emotions swell up in the heart,
And thaws the ice-covering cold.
And it's right to applaud when one's pleased with an act,
But clapping till both hands are red
Always spoils the illusion that's formed in the mind
By bringing to life all the dead.

The black villain who killed a young woman, because
She would to her husband be true,
And who then stabbed himself with the same gory knife
And died with his heart cut in two;
And the husband who felt the deep pangs of despair,
In viewing his wife's dear remains,
And who took a revolver he found on a chair
And punctured his foolish, old brains,—

Yes these, and more, too, will a burst of applause
Bring up to their feet with a bound;
With affectionate grasp they will take hold of hands,
While bowing and scraping around.

There's a flurry of handkerchiefs, wiping wet eyes,
A swallow of throat lumps within,
As we keep in swift motion our hands and our feet
And smile with an imbecile grin.
The sad picture has vanished and gone up in smoke,
The brushes are all that we see,
And alas, they are mixing the black and the white
And blurring our poor memory.
Yet, perhaps, they're depicting a phase of real life—
To some persons praise is so sweet,
They would leave the bright shores of their heavenly homes
A little pink taffy to eat.

ROSES AND FERNS.

One day, when on the street I chanced to pass
A florist's window made of clear plate glass,
I paused and, as I saw the bright display,
I thought one posy I must bear away.

I stepped inside and breathed the fragrant air
And gazed on flowers round me ev'rywhere.
My thoughts ran back to peaceful vales and hills;
I dreamed a dream of rippling brooks and rills.

No doubt, the florist knew my thoughts had strayed,
For not a word he said nor sound he made,
And after I had mused a while, I chose
A delicate, soft-blushing, little rose.

He gently took it from the others and
He smiled and placed it in my open hand,
And with a gen'rous air, tho' very grave,
A lot of dainty ferns to me he gave.

* * * * * * * *

One night I chanced to pass a lighted hall
And heard the dreamy music of a ball,
And thought I'd slyly steal a single glance
At those who lightly reveled in the dance.

A vision of rare beauty burst upon my sight;
The strains of fairy music filled me with delight,
And, as I drank the atmosphere so gay,
Again my thoughts went roaming far away.

But as they roamed, a lovely maiden's face
Smiled up at me with innocence and grace.
I felt as tho' an angel from above
Had filled my heart with happiness and love.

But, since I've had that maiden for my wife,
Her hundred relatives have spoiled my life.
My heart for liberty now sadly yearns—
I love the rose I bought, but hate the ferns.

WORTH SEEING.

If you're a man and haven't seen
A genuine, big sale,
'Twill pay you well to witness one,
Yes, do it without fail.

'Tis more exciting than a game
Of football you'll agree,
And prizefights aren't in it, and
I'm sure they'll never be.

Around a little square, you'll find
The ladies ten feet deep,
All pushing, punching, scrambling for
Some lace or cloth that's cheap.

And oh, the goods, the poor, poor goods!
It's pulled and hauled and torn,
Until it looks like some old rag
That never can be worn.

You'll see a lady dressed in silk
Who usually has pride,
Competing with the negro who
Is standing by her side.

The Irish, German, Dutch and Dane,
The Swede and Russian Jew,
Italians, Slavs and Indians,
Are fighting with her, too.

Ah, yes, it's sad, but also true,
That right here in our stores,
Each week we have a series of
These international wars.

SPIRITUALISM.

Of this weird, uncanny doctrine,
Much on both sides can be said,
But I see no satisfaction
In conversing with the dead.
When the spirit leaves the body
And attains a higher plane,
Why should we desire to bring it
Back to earthly woes again?

When I die and go to heaven,
There awhile I'd like to stay,
Without feeling that the family
Wanted me to come away.
If I had to be forever
On the earth and heaven road,
I would find a half-way station
Where I'd take up my abode.

So when I'd receive a message
From my relatives below,
I could answer their queer summons
In a way that wasn't slow.
And if they kept on insisting
That around them I must prance,
I would give them all they wanted
Of a ghostly song and dance.

I would not, like other spirits,
On the chairs and tables tap,
As it seems so idiotic
On the furniture to rap.
It is strange how many persons
Who contented lives have led,
Should become these constant knockers,
Just as soon as they are dead.

And no mediums I'd talk thro',
Tho' there was no other way.
When they asked me for my message
I would simply say, "Nay, nay!"
I don't like such go-betweeners,
Who can fall off in a trance
Any time they take a notion
Or are given any chance.

In this age, so fast advancing,
It is certainly worth while,
To abandon old-time methods,
And to do things up in style.
So in my communication,
If I am allowed a choice,
I will either send a wireless,
Or I'll megaphone my voice.

A MISTAKE.

A girl went to the theater
To see a funny play;
'Twas dark inside when she arrived,
She could not see her way.

She slowly followed down the aisle,
With hesitating feet,
The dark form of the usher tall
Who led her to her seat.

And as she went she placed her hand
On what was prom'nent most—
A shining round thing, smooth and hard,
Which she thought was a post.

But, lo, it moved! And all at once
She knew, with fear and dread,
That she had placed her hand upon
A poor, old man's bald head.

THE COUPON CRAZE.

We used to be a happy pair,
My little wife and I;
Alas, those days of bliss and peace
Have all gone swiftly by.

I do not blame my wife, of course.
It's not her fault at all;
But I accuse the people who
Have issued coupons small.

We now are eating breakfast food
That tastes just like old hay,
Because the firm will give a set
Of Haviland away.

I'm daily wearing shoes which I
Can frankly say I hate,
But when I wear enough of them
My wife will get a plate.

I smoke tobacco that is strong
Enough to kill a man,
For we are getting silver on
That dreadful coupon plan.

I used to wear a tailored suit
But cannot any more,
As they are giving trading stamps
At a department store.

I hope that soon the ministers
Will issue coupons free,
So when my wife to heaven goes
She'll have a pass for me.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

At last the ceremony's o'er
And kissing time is here.
See how the smiling people now
In front of me appear.
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!
Smackety, smackety, smack!

I almost wish that I was not
Tonight a blushing bride,
For kisses coming in such heaps
Are injuring my pride.
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!
Smackety, smackety, smack!

Why should they all feel duty bound
These kisses to bestow?
At other times they wouldn't cross
The street for me, I know.
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!
Smackety, smackety, smack!

I am afraid that I will have
Diseases now galore,
Since doctors say that kisses hold
Small microbes by the score.
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!
Smackety, smackety, smack!

But maybe all the guests will get
  Germ souvenirs from me,
For I've had tonsilitis and
  My throat hurts dreadfully.
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!
  Smackety, smackety, smack!

Next time that I am married then
  I'll know just what to do,
For this outrageous process I
  Will not again go thro'.
Smack, smack, smackety, smack!
  Smackety, smackety, smack!

I'll have a basket on my arm,
  And I will give each guest
A candy kiss, in paper wrapped,
  And he can do the rest.
Chew, chew, chewety, chew!
  Chewety, chewety, chew!

WHITE LIES.

That a certain kind of lying
  Is by people known as white,
Is no sign in my opinion
  That such falsehoods are all right.
Call them red or green or purple,
  Call them yellow, pink or blue,
Yet the fact remains unaltered
  That a lie is never true.

If you have a home made conscience
  That your fibbing will excuse,
Of it, you will take advantage
  And its hardness much abuse.
Since you feel no guilty pricking
  Of your silent monitor,
You may think you are an angel,
  Tho' you've told white lies galore.

Ev'ry time you tell an untruth,
  Be it great or be it small,
On your scale of soul ascension,
  One degree you're bound to fall.
Tho' you may not pause to suffer
  For the fibs you tell each day,
There will come a time when you must
  Debts to truth and honor pay.

Have you ever seen how freckles,
  Each one taking its small place,
Multiply and spoil the beauty
  Of a young and pretty face?
Just so falsehoods always weaken
  The stability of souls,
Making them a sight ungodly
  With their large and ugly holes.

Now whenever you feel tempted
  To say words which are untrue,
Ask yourself at once with frankness
  If such lying will pay you.
Even tho' your lie's a white one,
  You will die some day and go
Where it may be black in color—
  Dyeing changes shades, you know.

A CLASSICAL COMPOSITION.

Each night when he'd come home from work
And from the world retreat,
He'd hear the music of the girl
Who lived across the street.

Altho' he'd shut the windows and
With cotton plug his ear,
The dismal sound of "Home, Sweet Home,"
He still could plainly hear.

He'd often grab his hat and coat
And walk an hour or two,
In hopes that while he was away
His neighbor would get thro'.

But soon he found it did no good
For him at night to roam,
As in the end he'd always hear
"There is no place like home."

And so at last, in deep despair,
He said, "It's all she knows—
To give her some variety,
A piece I will compose."

To make it purely classical,
He tried his very best;
A single note was all he wrote
And then he had a rest.

REAL SORROW.

Above a tiny coffin white
A pretty woman wept,
For midst the satin and the flow'rs
Her little darling slept.

She looked around the silent room
And sighed, "Oh, nevermore
Will he be peeping at me from
Behind the parlor door.

"I'll miss him at the table, too,
Whenever I shall eat,
But I will put some posies by
His little empty seat.

"I cared for him so tenderly—
I bathed him ev'ry day;
For hours I'd watch him romp about,
So happy in his play.

"And now my only little one
Lies cold in death's embrace,
While my warm tears are falling fast
Upon his pretty face.

"A mother mourns her little child
When it is dead, of course,
But, oh, to lose a poodle dog
Is ever so much worse."

A SONNET TO A GROUCH.

Away! ye selfish, surly, sulking thing,
Fault-finding, disagreeable, and sour!
Back to the woods, ye pest, this very hour,
Or into depths of utter darkness fling
Thyself. Thy presence here no joy can bring;
Thy ugly, drooping mouth is not a pow'r
For good; instead to loving eyes a show'r
Of tears is oft occasioned by its sting.
Bathe thy cross, crabbed lips in smiles of glee
And make amends for mean remarks they've flung.
Yes, groaning, grumbling, growling grouch, set free
That frown which to thy face so long has clung.
We have no room for such a scold as ye,
So go! or else forever hold thy tongue.

EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

I am glad that the people are helping the clerks
By securing their presents so soon,
For, of course, such sweet thoughtfulness is very kind
And to poor, tired women a boon.
But all those, who, by practicing what has been preached,
Are thus pushing the good movement on,
Should be shown that at least the merchants approve
Of the unselfish work that is done.

On the other hand, persons, too selfish to care
Or too lazy a burden to lift
And who wait till the very last moment to shop
And to purchase their first Christmas gift,
Are the ones who can get for their money the most,
For the merchants will, rather than keep
Any left-over stock for the following year,
Always sell out at last very cheap.

So as long as the storekeepers do what's unjust
And deserving rewards will not pay,
Not a scruple I have about making you wise
And in giving my methods away.
Now I do not shop early—I haven't the cash
To be buying when things are so dear,
And I do not go late—before Christmas I mean—
But I send bargain gifts each New Year.

GRUNTERS.

There are a lot of persons who
'Most always are complaining.
They really are not ill at all
But sickness ever feigning.

They will appear each morning with
A frown upon their forehead,
With drooping lips and downcast eyes,
Remarking they feel horrid.

They seem to take great pleasure in
Their aches and pains relating,
Not knowing that they bore you or
Upon your nerves they're grating.

To say, "How do you do?" to them
Is almost like igniting
A great big pile of rubbish by
A little match just lighting.

For they will tell you how they've had
A touch of tonsilitis,
Or else they'll very proudly say
They have appendicitis.

They always have the latest thing
From typhoid down to sneezes,
For there is only glory in
The fashionable diseases.

I cannot understand, I'm sure,
What happiness they're getting
By wasting so much precious time
In useless, selfish fretting.

If on a farm sometime they are,
For health or pleasure hunting,
They'll find that in the well-filled pens
The pigs are also grunting.

HIS PHOTO.

I've had my picture taken, sir,
And brought it down to you;
To get it put in print, no doubt,
That's all I have to do.

I've noticed, Mister Editor,
That it is all the rage
To have your picture reproduced,
No matter what your age.

You published just a week ago
The photo of Miss Brown,
Because she looked so pretty in
Her stylish wedding gown.

And only yesterday I saw
A cut of Mr. Grey
Appear upon your title page
Because he's gone away.

In fact, most of the people who
Are living on our street
Have had their photographs adorn
Your special Sunday sheet.

So here is mine! Please print it, sir,
And underneath just say
I've lived here all my life because
I haven't gone away.

FROM MARS.

Say, people of the earth, we wish you would not try
To reach our happy world, revolving in the sky.
We've sized you up down there, and found you second-
class,
So turn your telescope and let our planet pass.

You waste a lot of time in your continued quest
Of knowledge of old Mars, so give yourselves a rest
As well as us, for we are weary of your search—
We'd be ashamed to be left always in the lurch!

Just spend the energy you give to vacant air
In making something of your little earth down there.
When you have conquered that and understand its
laws,
To have a bit of pride, you may perhaps have cause.

We have to laugh the way you always boast about
Your brilliant men and their inventions daily shout.
But ignorant indeed to others you appear—
You're all as green as grass, compared with us up here.

It takes you centuries to see what's close at hand.
How you can be so blind, we do not understand.
Electric modes of work, some changes have now made,
But think how long unknown, electric action stayed!

You call us cousins, but we'll make it plain to you
We have no thoughts of such relationship in view.
We do not care to have your countless bloody wars
Transferred from earthly shores to battlefields in stars.

In this ethereal sphere, we don't propose to join
Ourselves to people who are worshipers of coin.
We live on higher planes than dull minds can conceive;
Idealistic life is far too grand to leave.

Since you are made of clay, to earth you'll have to cling,
For such clodhoppers we, in gutters, always sling.
So earthy boys, let's shake and let the matter drop;
Your minds are better on next year's potato crop.

OFFICE FURNITURE.

Some persons drudge along each day,
Contented with their meager pay,
And think they can't improve.
As tho' they were compelled to be
In one small hole continually,
And from it could not move.

They do the work they have to do
But have no prospects bright in view
To give them life and hope.
They spend the time they have for rest
In doing what may suit them best—
And usually they mope.

They put their pride on office shelves,
And think they cannot help themselves,
While they must daily toil.
They seem to think there is no chance
For certain persons to advance—
Their rusty brains need oil.

But what's the use of wasting time
On those too prosy for good rhyme—
About them no one cares.
They'll never rise in this great world
Unless some bombs are quickly hurled
Beneath their office chairs.

WORRY.

Worry, worry, worry,
Worry ev'ry day,
Worry till your wrinkled,
Worry till your gray.
Worry when the sun shines,
Worry when it rains,
Worry when you're healthy,
Worry when you've pains.

Worry is a habit
That can be acquired,
So you'd better get it
If you'd be admired.
All your friends will love you,
When you fuss and fret,
And your troubled visage
They will ne'er forget.

Worry is a pastime
For the human mind.
Those who do not like it
Are away behind.
It is always pleasant
To have future cares—
To make all your day dreams
Horrible nightmares.

Worry is a splendid
Mental exercise.
It stirs up gray matter,
Dormant otherwise,
Forming new ideas
Which will give you fright,
Tho' you'll dwell upon them
With a strange delight.

Make your motto "Worry,"
Worry all you can,
For enough real worry
Changes God's great plan.
We were made to worry,
Made to weep and sigh.
Therefore, worry, worry,
Worry till you die.

Think of all the people,
Who are yet unborn,
Think of all their troubles,
Then begin to mourn.
Think of all the struggles
They must have in life,
Think how they'll be falling
In the midst of strife.

Picture all the earthquakes
That are yet to be,
Shiver for the victims
In their misery.
Know that epidemics
Will bring much disease,
Think how every dog must
Have its share of fleas.

Teach your little children
They should worry, too—
Set a good example
So they'll follow you.
Tell them this whole world is
Full of pain and woe,
And whene'er they leave it,
To much worse they'll go.

ONE KIND OF TRUTH.

The conductor stood and waited
  For her to pay her fare,
But the girl seemed quite unconscious
  That he was standing there.

But at last he grew impatient
  And said, "Your fare, ma'am, please,"
But the girl seemed not to hear him
  And still she looked at ease.

In a minute he repeated
  The words that he had said;
Then the maiden turned round slowly
  Her proud and well-shaped head.

"Have you paid your fare?" he asked her.
  Indeed she looked surprised;
"Why, of course I did," she answered,
  And he apologized.

But as soon as the conductor
  Was several feet away,
To herself she softly whispered,
  "I paid it yesterday."

THE ONLY WAY.

The doctor told the editor
That he was all run down,
And ought to have a little rest
And go away from town.

He gravely looked at him a while,
Then slowly shook his head.
"It's exercise you need the most
And that at once," he said.

"Your circulation's very low
And ought to be increased.
Why don't you play some games of golf
Or take long walks, at least?"

The editor was sad indeed,
His bank account was small,
He knew he couldn't get away
To exercise at all.

He pondered o'er the doctor's words
And dreamed of them at night,
Until across his darkened mind
There fell a ray of light.

"My troubles now are gone," he mused
"And all my worry past,
For I have surely found a way
To help myself at last.

"I'll send some sample copies out
To all my friends today;
My circulation will increase
And I will go away."

WHICH CREED?

I have very often pondered
O'er the soul and o'er its needs,
And I've wondered if religion
Should be torn up into creeds.
But I haven't found an answer,
And perhaps I won't until
I have climbed the narrow pathway
And can look back down the hill.

When I think of all the churches
I am very much distressed,
For there is no way of finding
Out which one of them is best,
As each minister is preaching
From his pulpit Sabbath day
That, to reach the gate of heaven,
He can show the only way.

Yes, the Baptists have their virtues
And they're often in the swim,
And the Scientists are healthy,
And the Methodists are trim.
The Episcopalians, haughty,
Are the leaders of good style—
But I wonder, oh, I wonder,
Just which doctrine is worth while?

I should hate to be mistaken
And the wrong religion take,
And to be informed in heaven
That my church was just a fake
So I'm anxious to get started
Soon upon a single track,
Where there is no freight returning
Which will bring left-overs back.

There are many pious persons
All the churches scattered thro',
So from closest observation
I can't tell what's right to do.
But to judge from the expression
That each wears upon his face,
I am sure that all are hoping
To be landed in one place.

If I knew the Holy Rollers
Had the key to heaven's gate,
I would join my feet and forehead
And my lungs I would inflate;
Then I'd start myself a-rolling
And I'd roll and roll until
The Most High and Mighty Roller
Would announce I'd had my fill.

THE STREET CAR HOG.

The end car seat he calmly held,
In sweet, unconscious joy,
While o'er his feet there scrambled in
A woman and her boy.

"He is a street car hog, my dear,"
The mother told her son,
In angry tones that could be heard
By almost ev'ry one.

The passengers were wond'ring if
The child would understand—
He was so young and innocent
And held his mother's hand.

The boy looked at the great, tall man,
And heaved a little sigh.
"Is that the reason, ma," he asked,
"That pork is now so high?"

SUICIDE.

How foolish is a man to take his life,
No matter what the cause.
'Tis better to continue in the strife
Than flee from it, because
To change our present form may be for worse.
One fact we can't avoid—
No atom in this wondrous universe
Can ever be destroyed.

Life is a moment in eternity,
And tho' it's full of grief,
There is no doubt our whole futurity
Rests on this moment brief.
Yes, he, who boldly snaps the brittle thread
That ties him to this world,
May with great agony forever tread
The depths where he is hurled.

Your business may be growing bad of late,
The thought be hard to bear,
But it is best to stagger 'neath the weight
And try to take your share
Of trouble, with a bold resolve you will
Not fall beneath your load.
Push forward in your narrow path until
You reach the broader road.

If life has lost for you all hope and joy
And time drags slowly on,
Because your laughing girl or bright-eyed boy
Or wife from you has gone,
Don't feel that you should hurry to their side,
But stay a while and earn
Admission to the place where they reside,
Or you may quick return.

The silly lover who shoots off his head,
Because he's lost his heart,
Is better far when he is cold and dead
Than living here in part.
"Survival of the fittest" is the rule
That governs life, and so
'Tis only natural that ev'ry fool
Should kill himself, you know.

PRACTICAL ADVICE.

It is too bad that women folks
  Such nuisances now are,
That all the men are having fits
  When they get off the car.

So much is said about the way
  They awkwardly alight,
And how so many fall and give
  The passengers a fright.

But since I've thought the matter o'er
  A reason I have found
Why women always face the rear
  When stepping to the ground.

I'm sure they do not want to fall
  A bit more than a man;
It's simply that they like to use
  Their right hands when they can.

So, if the street car company
  The handles would arrange
A little diff'rently, I'm sure
  There soon would be a change.

But, if to follow my advice
  The knowledge they should lack,
They'd better put the right hand car
  Upon the left hand track.

ECONOMY IN LIVING.

"It seems impossible to live,"
The father sadly said.
"How can I earn the cash to buy
My children daily bread?

"I'm told that milk is going up,
And higher is the meat;
It surely is a problem now
To get enough to eat.

"Hard coal's advancing steadily,
And all the clothing, too;
And now with winter coming on,
"Whatever shall we do?"

The father slowly paced the floor
And heaved a heavy sigh;
"It's plain to me," he sadly said,
"We all will have to die."

And so an undertaker he
Consulted right away,
And asked for decent funerals
How much he'd have to pay.

But when he heard the awful price,
Once more he heaved a sigh;
"We'll have to live," he said, "because
We can't afford to die."

HOUSES AND CHILDREN.

This is the worstest world for little boys!
I do not think it's right
That we ain't 'lowed to make a bit of noise
In daytime or at night.
But the most worstest thing ain't that at all—
Oh, dear me, mercy no!
But it is 'cause we cannot get a flat
To live in, high or low.

My pa he's tried just awful hard to get
A house what we can rent,
But ev'ry one we see what is to let
For children is not meant.
I guess them landlords always was big men.
They stare and frown at us,
As if we was some kind of dogs and then
They make an awful fuss.

I'm sure I don't know what we'll do 'cause pa
Is lookin' dreadful mad,

An' I just hate to see my poor, dear ma
A-whinin' round so sad.
It's plain we cannot get no house while we
Three kids are still hooked on
To ma and pa; and so the thought strikes me
We'd better all get gone.

I guess pa'll have to stake us out somewhere
To graze till we are grown,
For I suppose that it is only fair
To let 'em live alone.
If I was parents and was tryin' hard
To get one of them flats,
I'd take my little kids out in the yard
And give 'em rough on rats.

ACCOMMODATING.

I used to feel so bad when I
Was punished and I'd always cry,
But that time now is past.
I'd just as soon be whipped as not
For whippings are so soon forgot;
They hurt just while they last.

Altho' my mother looks real sad,
I know that she is very glad
When I'm a naughty boy,
And so I try to do my part
And say the things that sound quite smart,
For they give mother joy.

She'll say I'm wicked and she'll scold
And tell me that I am too old
To bother her that way,
But, when the neighbors come to call,
She'll laugh about my capers all.
"He is so cute," she'll say.

And then next time I will, of course,
Feel that I ought to act lots worse,
Altho' it gives me pain.
If she wants stuff to talk about,
I certainly should help her out,
And so I just raise Cain.

It's very easy to be bad
But I won't do it for my dad,
Because it doesn't pay.
He has no sense of humor, and,
Whenever he takes me in hand,
I'm laid up for the day.

HIS MOTIVE.

"Some people are so stupid-like,
They haven't got no brains.
They haven't got enough sound sense
To come in when it rains."

Old Farmer Greenleaf stroked his beard
And half closed both his eyes,
Appearing to his group of friends
A man grown worldly wise.

"You seem to think you know it all
And have the right to speak,
And tell me I'm an idiot
Because I'm larnin' Greek.

"You say I'd better larn to talk
Good English first of all.
That shows that ev'ry one o' you
Have minds most awful small.

"Perhaps my grammar ain't no good,
But you can understand
The things what I have got to say.
What else do I demand?

"And I propose to fix myself
For days that are to be,
For I believe that souls are made
For immortality.

"And when I reach the other side
And relatives I meet,
I guess that my dead language will
Get me some grub to eat."

REFLECTIONS.

It's interesting to go down town
And see the sights these days;
The merchants in the windows have
Such elegant displays.

And yet I don't believe that all
The women folks who pass
See what has been arranged behind
The public looking glass.

But it's all right, of course it is,
For how the men do hate
To see a pretty woman who
Has not her hat on straight.

'Tis said that women seldom think,
But that is quite untrue;
They have reflections on the street,
Because—I know they do.

A CHANGE OF FAITH.

He was a dashing millionaire,
And she a would-be swell,
So when she met him at the ball
She liked him pretty well.

And he in turn was quite impressed
And often went to call;
Quite soon he found that of the girls
He liked her best of all.

And then one day he said to her,
"Oh, won't you be my wife,
And make me, dear, a happy man
Throughout the rest of life?"

And when she told him that she would
And that she would be true,
He said, "There's one condition that
I'd like to name to you.

"You'll have to leave your church and join
The one that I call mine,
Or this proposal that I've made
I'd rather you'd decline."

She said, "Of course, you know I've been
A Methodist from birth;
Before I change, I'd like to know
How much your offer's worth."

"I have five million in the bank
And then much property,
And on our honeymoon we'll spend
A year across the sea.

"Now, won't you change your faith?" he asked,
"The same time as your name?"
Then with a cry of joy she said,
"I'm willing to be game."

DISH WASHING.

If I should ask
What work all women really hate,
To find that task,
Not long would I be forced to wait.
Yes, we all know
Dish washing is a great bugbear;
And long ago
It made poor housewives wish to swear.

Three times a day
The dishes must be washed and dried
And put away.
Could patient Job have been more tried
Than woman who,
With lofty aim and cultured taste,
Is made to do
Such petty things, and her time waste?

Show me the man
Who would, with willingness and grace,
Reverse the plan
And take his wife's dishwashing place.
Perhaps a while
He'd wear his new, ill-fitting yoke,
And try to smile,
But shortly he'd begin to croak.

He'd very soon
Decide such work was not a snap,
And some fine noon
He'd take the dishes in his lap,
And he'd commence
To hurl them fiercely, one by one,
Against the fence,
Until his noble work was done.

May that time come
When dishes we'll no longer need!
When there'll be some
New-fangled way ourselves to feed.
If we just could
Attach the mouth to a small pipe
Supplying food,
No dishes would we have to wipe.

Food meters then
Would show how much each person ate.
That's why the men
This new improvement would soon hate.
But when we're free
And have secured dishwashing rights,
We need not be
Concerned about their appetites.

THEIR STUPIDITY.

"Come quick! Come quick!" he loudly cried,
"I want you ev'ry one,"
So upstairs all his family went—
His daughters, wife and son.

"What is it, dear?" his wife now asked,
Arriving out of breath,
"The way you screamed you almost scared
Us ev'ryone to death."

"My new gold collar button's lost,"
The husband crossly said,
While back and forth he wildly paced
With countenance all red.

"I laid it on the dresser there,
A little while ago,
But where the crazy thing has gone,
I'm sure I do not know.

"If you would have some order here
I'd find my things, I guess,
But it is quite impossible
In such a room to dress."

The daughters now upon their knees
Were looking ev'rywhere;
His wife examined all his shirts
And found it wasn't there.

The son was shaking with much care
The covers on the bed,
But when he'd looked thro' all of them
He sadly shook his head.

"Oh, hurry up," the father said,
"I can't stay here all day;
You must think I'm a millionaire
To waste the time this way.

"Such stupid folks in all my life
I'm sure I never knew.
I'd get some spectacles, I'm sure,
If I were blind like you."

Now where that collar button was
No one could understand,
Until his youngest daughter said,
"Why, it's in papa's hand!"

"Ah, sure enough," the father said,
"But I should like to know
Just why you didn't tell me that
A full half hour ago."

TEDDY BEARS.

We are demoralizing all our youth
And adding to our cares
By giving to our little boys and girls
Those foolish Teddy Bears;
We'll find out that our children will grow up
With love for beast—not man,
And we cannot then change their cultured tastes,
Tho' we may think we can.

The little girl who hugs her bear and has
No doll to dress and kiss,
The sweetest pleasure of her childhood years,
Unconsciously will miss.
No vision of a future home will flit
Across her mind while she
Is yet a child, and fit her for the sphere
Of her maturity.

And, when she is a woman, she will shirk
A mother's cares and joys,
Preferring senseless, little poodle dogs
To loving girls and boys.
She won't know how to sew the simplest thing,
Because the Teddy Bear
That used to sleep with her was satisfied
A coat of fur to wear.

A plaything that is meant for boys as well as girls
Young chivalry has wrecked,
For, placed upon a level with the boys,
The girls claim no respect.
The foolish, little animals make both
Alike in thought and deed.
With what ideals can horrid Teddy Bears
The youthful brain cells feed?

Of women who have Teddy Bears for pets
I will not deign to speak,
Since ev'rybody knows, of course, they are
The weakest of the weak;
And they in homes for feeble-minded should
Be shut up right away,
Where they can show the other imbeciles
Their Teddy Bears each day.

When Roosevelt went to hunt for bears last fall
In regions of the west,
The reason he could find so little game
I long ago have guessed.
It was because our bears, more fortunate
Than we, were given pride,
And when their ugly images they saw,
They all went off and died.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

I'm hidin' in the attic now,
  An' been here all the day,
In hopes that they will take the hint
  An' throw that kid away.

If it was like some babies are,
  I wouldn't care a fig,
But it is nothin' more nor less
  Than just a horrid pig.

It's got my mamma's hair an' eyes,
  The doctor told the nurse,
An' it has papa's ears an' mouth,—
  Oh, what could be much worse!

I used to love my mamma so,
  But now I do not care
To see her since that baby took
  Away her eyes an' hair.

An' it's no wonder that I'm sad
  An' sheddin' lots o' tears,
For who could like a papa that
  Has got no mouth or ears?

That kid must be a funny sight
  With hair that's turnin' gray,
An' with so much upon its head
  'Twon't be the kind to play.

An' with such great big ears, of course,
  He'll hear most ev'rything,
An' with the mouth my papa had
  Much trouble he will bring.

An' now I'm trying to protect
  A very tender point,
For I won't let that baby knock
  My nose all out o' joint.

NOT EASY STREET.

I've wandered ev'rywhere about
And weary are my feet,
And yet I cannot find the way
That leads to Easy Street.

One day I thought that I was there,
The houses looked so fine,
And out in front, along the curb,
Large autos stood in line.

I asked a man but he looked grave
And said, 'Oh, mercy, no;
These houses and these big machines
Are just put here for show.

"'Tis true the people dress in style
And many servants keep,
But on their downy beds at night
They cannot go to sleep.

"They sail away on pleasure trips
To many foreign lands,
But while they're gone their property
Oft goes to other hands.

"They entertain their friends at clubs
And for the time forget
How many thousand dollars they
Already are in debt.

"And they avoid with wondrous skill
The men they ought to pay;—
It is a game of hide and seek
That lasts from day to day.

"And so tonight on Easy Street,
My friend, you cannot lodge,
But then, perhaps, you'd just as soon
Stay here awhile on Dodge."

PALMISTRY.

When God made man, no doubt, He thought,
"A noble piece of work I've wrought,
One that will breathe and think and act.
How diff'rent than before his birth
Will be conditions on the earth.
The human mind was all it lacked.
This creature that I've made shall be
A being of eternity.
Three kinds of time to him I'll give.
The past and present can he know;
The Future sealed is better, so
He need not worry, but can live
In peace from day to day."

But curiosity was made
And in the brain cells firmly laid,
And man became dissatisfied.
The present time was brief, he said;
The past was buried with the dead;
For future time he loudly cried.
The stars were studied with the hope
That they would give a broader scope.
Then signs were fastened in the sky
By men who feigned to understand
The meaning of the heavens grand,
And who were not content to die
Until they'd had their "say."

When their descendants saw the signs
They filled in thoughts between the lines,
  Their fickle fancies thus to please,
And each one climbed a higher stone
To reach the regions still unknown—
  The sweet, forbidden fruit to seize.
And other methods, too, were found.
Upon the daily-trodden ground,
  Appeared great palmistry.
And all agreed that God had planned
A revelation in each hand—
  One which would solve all mystery,
    And lay the future bare.

Today, can you with brains believe
That future time, God thus would leave
  In such a very foolish place?
How oft He'd have to change the code
Of signs as we ascend the road
  Of life. I wonder how we'd trace
The route of touring cars or what
Would be the sign we'd have or not
  A speedy airship for our own?
And since not now "In God We Trust,"
Will palms reveal when banks will bust
  And cashier's checks be quickly sown,
    Like sunflow'rs ev'rywhere?

PUBLIC MANNERS.

When I'm down town, I notice how
  Ill-mannered people are
Upon the street, within the stores,
  And oft inside the car.
Because they do not know one or
  That pleasure soon expect,
They think they are not duty bound
  To treat one with respect.

They crowd past strangers on the street
  And push them clear aside,
Not caring if they hurt poor feet
  Or wound another's pride.
They do not say, "Excuse me" nor
  Appear as if they'd done
A thing they should be sorry for—
  They merely hurry on.

Of course, in winter it's all right
  For offices and stores
To strain the January air
  By means of great storm doors,
But they should also put up signs
  In some conspicuous place,
"It's very rude to slam a door
  In anybody's face."

In boarding street cars have you not
  Seen how the people push
To be the first to get inside
  And for the best seats rush?
And now and then I've seen tired men
  Give seats to women who
Would plant themselves within the space
  Without the words "Thank you."

Now these same people, no doubt, have
  Good manners stored away,
But see no use displaying them
  In public ev'ry day.
But they are making great mistakes,
  For manners are like cloth
Which needs exposure to the air
  To keep away the moth.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

"Now we must have some music,"
The hostess sweetly said,
When with some good refreshments
Her company she'd fed.
"Dear Miss DeFray,
Won't you please play?"

But Miss DeFray, so modest,
Said with a bashful smile,
"I am all out of practice
And have been for some while,
So really I
Don't want to try."

The hostess turned serenely
Around to Mr. Wing
And said, "Now, Charlie, won't you
A pretty love song sing?
Your voice so clear,
We'd like to hear."

But Mr. Wing said, "Really,
I'd love to sing, of course,
But I can scarcely whisper—
You see, I'm very hoarse.
This whole past week
I could not speak."

And now the charming hostess
Addressed her cultured niece.
"You will, I know, Adalia,
Give us a little piece

Of music, dear,
Since you are here."

"Oh, auntie, no, I cannot—
I do not play at all
Without my music, since I
The notes cannot recall,
But if I could,
I gladly would."

So, one by one refusing,
Like sticks the guests all sat.
No wonder that the hostess
Knew not where she was "at."
She rubbed her head,
"Dear me," she said.

But suddenly, quite happy,
She gave a merry laugh,
"All right," she said, "I'll have to
Get out the phonograph,
And very soon
We'll have a tune."

She quickly fixed the record.
Then sat down, feeling proud.
The phonograph was whirring
But now in accents loud,
A deep voice rolled,
"I have a cold."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Thro' all the lovely autumn eves,
He raked his front yard full of leaves.
He piled them by the garden gate
And thought he'd have a bonfire great.

And when at last the trees stood there,
Of all their summer clothing bare,
On one cold, bleak October night,
He thought the stack of leaves he'd light.

But round and round the pile he paced
And said, "It is a shame to waste
What might perhaps taste very good
When made into a breakfast food.

"I've eaten stuff that I know must
Have been prepared from old sawdust,
And so I see no reason why
Another make I shouldn't try."

And all the leaves he now took in
His undertaking to begin;
For many hours he worked until
They'd all passed thro' the coffee mill.

Some brown molasses, thick and slow,
He poured upon them all, you know,
And little chunks of butter, too,
His ground-up leaves he scattered thro'.

He put them in the oven then
And while they baked he paced again.
He gave a loud and happy shout,
When pretty soon he took them out.

He said, "I guess I have the goods!
It looks just like all breakfast foods,
And with rich cream and sugar sweet
'Twill be delicious stuff to eat."

Upon the market soon he placed
The old dry leaves he wouldn't waste;
"Whatizit" was the name he chose,
But what it is, nobody knows.

NAMING THE BABY.

It seems to me that ever since
To this old house I came
They have spent every minute in
Deciding on my name.
My mother cries, my father swears,
My grandpa groans about,
And grandma sits beside the fire,
The whole day in a pout.

My aunts come in and say I'm sweet
And each one will suggest
The name she thinks I ought to have—
The one that suits her best.
My uncles all opinions have
Quite diff'rent from their wives,
And such great quarrels will start up,
I tremble for their lives.

And friends and neighbors ev'ry day
Around my cradle stand,
Repeating many times the names
Which sound to them so grand.

And now some business men down town
Are added to the list
Of persons who have made me long
To use my doubled fist.

Yet after all the hours of talk
And endless, cross disputes,
They cannot find a single name
That ev'rybody suits.
Now I should be delighted if
This nonsense they would quit,
For if they'd stop just where they are
I always would be "it."

DO IT NOW.

He often would procrastinate,
  Until he took the vow,
That he would follow faithfully
  The motto, "Do It Now."

So after many years had passed,
  He said, "It is strange how
I have improved since first I said
  I'd always do it now."

One day he met a pretty girl
  With intellectual brow;
He thought, "Some day I will propose—
  I think I'll do it now."

But when the honeymoon had passed,
  He didn't like his frau;
And then he said, "I'll be divorced;
  Ah, yes, I'll do it now."

But afterwards his conscience would
  No peace of mind allow.
He said, "I'll drown myself next week—
  In fact, I'll do it now."

POST CARDS.

For six long months my wife and I
Across the sea were touring,
And many kinds of hardships we
Were ev'ry day enduring.
And several times while over there
My life I felt like ending,
Because my wife annoyed me so
By foolish postals sending.

We had a list ten miles in length
Of friends who were collecting
And who from ev'ry place we went
New post cards were expecting.
My frenzied brain with all those names
Is still today oft teeming,
And on my pillow ev'ry night
Of post cards I am dreaming.

When people ask about our trip,
Away I feel like going,
Because I am quite sensitive
About my friends all knowing
How little of our foreign trip
Within my mind is staying,
Since "We must buy some postal cards,"
My wife was always saying.

While other tourists in our crowd
From us each day were fleeing,
Because the side attractions they
Were anxious to be seeing,
We'd be shut up in some small shop,
Our bending necks both aching,
Selections of gay postal cards
For friends at home fast making.

How many times we missed our train
Would shame me in the telling.
Much louder than the engine's toot
Would be my wife's cross yelling,
"We cannot go away from here
Without more post cards getting;
There still are many persons whom
You seem to be forgetting."

And often I would go to bed
My insides loudly rumbling,
Accompanied by the dismal sounds
Of sighs and groans and grumbling,
As meals upon our hurried way
We were forever losing,
And all because some postal cards
My wife and I were choosing.

Some books of travel now I've bought
And o'er them I am poring,
For I should like to know the names
Of countries we were touring.
But as I read I often jump
And grab my hat, loud crying,
"We'll have to hurry up for we
More post cards must be buying."

GUMOLOGY.

If there's one thing that pleases me
More than aught else I know of
It is to see the girl who makes
Her mouth and jaws a show of.

The girl, I mean, who always has,
No matter what she's doing,
A wad of gum within her mouth,
Which she is always chewing.

I like her, for I know that she
In other faults is lacking;
She has no thought for other things
While both her lips are smacking.

When she is sitting in the car,
She makes a fine impression;
She looks so very innocent
With such a blank expression.

And always in department stores,
While over goods I'm picking,
It helps me greatly in my choice
To hear the clerk's mouth clicking.

So here is to the girl who chews
On land or on the ocean!
We owe her much, for in her mouth
We find perpetual motion.

HIS FAMILY.

His wife had gone a-sailing
  Across the summer sky,
And as the airship vanished
  Had waved to him good by.

His daughter was a-touring
  The state in her machine,
And for a week or over
  Her home she had not seen.

His son had gone a-spinning
  Along the river side
Upon his motor cycle,
  Which was his greatest pride.

The father sat a-rocking
  The baby on his knee
And thought, "That little go-cart
  Is all that's left for me."

HIS EXHIBIT.

The bach'lor deeply sighed and said,
"I lead an empty life;
The horse show comes next week and I
Have neither horse nor wife.

"I'd like to go, upon my word,
But I would be called slow,
Unless I had some finery
To make a little show."

At last the auditorium
Threw wide its pond'rous doors,
And soon around the wall there were
Fine hats and gowns by scores.

The bach'lor, too, was there, and all
The people wisely said
The lady who beside him sat
In style and richness led,

For ev'ry one looked at her gown,
With jewels covered o'er,
And at her hat—a larger one
They had not seen before.

The bach'lor sat and waited till
The crowd had homeward gone,
And then he picked up, in his arms,
His lady, and moved on.

"Now I'm convinced," he softly said,
"That clothes are all they see,
And so this dummy that I bought
Is wife enough for me."

THE VALUE OF POVERTY.

Have you not noticed how the greatest men
All claim that they were one time poor,
And how they boast about the hardships which
Their poverty made them endure?
They cannot paint the pictures of their homes
In shades too dull and dark and cold
To suit the public and to make themselves
Brave heroes now when they are old.

'Twould not sound well for them to tell how they
Were reared in homes of wealth and ease,
Where they had all advantages and could
Go where and do just what they'd please.
They know we'd give no credit to the man
Who was by parents always pushed,
Who'd traveled many times around the world
And was thro' school and college rushed.

Altho' I think the poor man's son, who was
  Compelled to spend his youthful days
In struggles for himself, does not deserve
  Such credit nor such public praise
As does the rich man's son who tries to reach
  The lofty heights of real renown,
Since from the hillside where he climbs he must
  Temptations numerous cast down.

However, boys, if modern fame you would achieve,
  Seek poverty without delay;
No admiration you'll receive until
  From father's wealth you turn away.
Or else go down among the slums and take
  Of some poor home a small snap shot
And call it yours when you're renowned, or you
  Will be appreciated not.

A DISHONEST GROCER.

One time there was a grocery man
  Who sold good things to eat.
Whenever he would have a chance,
  His customers he'd cheat.

His scales were fixed so that they would
  Give much less than a pound,
And people who bought twelve good eggs
  Eleven old ones found.

When any one to him complained,
  The grocery man would sigh
And say: "I am an honest man,
  Than cheat I'd rather die."

The people, thinking him sincere,
  Did not cut off their trade,
Until at last the grocery man
  Within his grave was laid.

An epitaph upon his tomb,
  By customers was placed,
And it's there yet if it has not
  By weather been erased.

It reads: "Here lies John Peterson,
  Dishonest thro' and thro';
His victims hope the devil will
  Give him a short wait, too."

JUST THE THING.

"Photographer, I've spent much time
In fixing for my pose,
For, tho' I am not in my prime,
To look young I propose.
As ev'rybody knows,
The people who have reached my stage
Are anxious to conceal their age
When pride within them flows.

"This is my daughter's party dress
Which she said I might wear.
It's rather gay, I must confess,
But then I do not care.
And I have curled my hair,
Altho' I've always worn it straight,
I thought I'd be clear up-to-date
And have a stylish air.

"I hope you'll make my hair look black,
You see it's almost white.
If you can't bring the color back
'Twill be an ugly sight.
And then you musn't slight
My neck and arms, which now are bare,
But make them look real plump and fair;
Put wrinkles out of sight.

"Now I will make it worth your while
To give me youth and grace.
Please try your best to make me smile,
For I'd be in disgrace
To have the slightest trace
Of this deep frown I've always worn
My costly photograph adorn,
And spoil my made-up face."

The camera man seemed lost in thought.
At last he shook his head—
"Such miracles today cannot be wrought,—
The time for them has fled.
But I have here," he said,
"A kind assistant, young and fair,
With dimpled cheeks and coal black hair,
Who'll pose for you instead."

HIS BOAST.

"I've written much for magazines,"
The would-be writer said,
"And sketches for the papers, too."
He proudly tossed his head.

"I wrote two stories just last week
For Munsey, don't you know,
And to McClure's a poem I
Sent just a week ago.

"And Harper's I have written for
A dozen times at least;
Some articles I'm writing now
For papers in the east.

"My friend, I am the author of
A dozen novels, too.
My last book has a splendid plot,
Which I am sure is new."

"What works of yours are published, sir?"
Was asked when he had done.
The young man blushed a crimson red
And softly answered, "None."

POLICY.

Each Sunday he stood up and told
His congregation how
They ought to cling fast to the truth
And ought to do it now.

He said it was a wicked sin
To tell the smallest lie,
And that they all would suffer for
Their falsehoods by and by.

The people then would leave the church,
With faces sad and long,
For ev'ryone could well recall
A time he had done wrong.

And they would all resolve at once
To lead a better life,
To tell the truth, whate'er it cost,
No matter what the strife.

But one day Browne, a wicked man,
A miser, too, and mean,
Was taken sick and on the street
He nevermore was seen.

And at the church his funeral
  Was very large and swell,
And ev'rywhere the flowers made
  A sweet, ethereal smell.

And now the minister stood up
  And gently on the bier
He let flow from his downcast eye
  An artificial tear.

He said how sad it was to lose
  A man so good and true,
For such great, noble hearts as Browne's
  Were certainly quite few.

The people wondered how he could
  Face them with such a lie,
And it occurred to them that he
  Would suffer by and by.

But though not one of them approved
  Of such hypocrisy,
They smothered all their sentiments
  For it was policy.

NOBODY CARED.

Each day the gard'ner passed the house
And called as he passed by,
"Oh, canteloupe! oh, canteloupe!
Oh, canteloupe!" he'd cry.
The children on the street would then
Take up the loud refrain,
And "Canteloupe, oh, canteloupe!"
Would sound and sound again.
At last the man within the house
His usual patience lost
And with an oath, upon the floor,
His morning paper tossed.
"Look here," he yelled in angry voice,
"You do not think I hope
That anybody cares a rap
Because you can't elope?"

BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is all right for children,
And it's mighty nice for mas,
But it is a horrid business
For the poor, hard-working pas.
Yes, the men folks have to pay for
All the nicknacks and the toys,
If they want to keep the love of
Their dear wives and girls and boys.

I am thankful for the kisses
That I'm getting these cold nights,
For they come in such profusion
That they pay for bygone slights.
It is nice to find my slippers
Warm as toast beside the grate,
And to get no word of scolding
If I make the dinner late.

But the mornings, oh, the mornings,
When I start to go down town!
If I don't shell out the dollars,
I am glared at with a frown.
Yet, as soon as in my pockets,
Both my hands are out of sight,
All my family will hug me
And will say I am all right.

I am forced to go out shopping
With my wife and then with Sue,
Then with Lottie, Fred, and Lucy,
And with Johnnie, Joe and Lou.
They all want to have my judgment
They will very sweetly say,
And I let them keep on thinking
I was born just yesterday.

There are aunts and there are uncles,
There are cousins without end.
Oh, the relatives and neighbors!—
Ev'ry one is now a friend.
But there is no use protesting;
I must grin and do my part,
Or my wife will call me "miser"
And insist I have no heart.

I am very glad that Christmas,
With its talked-of mirth and cheer,
Doesn't have the fault of coming
More than just once ev'ry year.
And while Christmas bells are ringing,
I will then express relief;
I will blow a trumpet loudly
On my annual handkerchief.

THE UMBRELLA PLANT.

Umbrellas are the hardest thing
For me to keep on hand,
And where they go I can't explain,
I do not understand.

So when the florist told me that
Umbrella plants would grow
Umbrellas by the dozen, why
I purchased one, you know.

I put it in the garden and
I watered it with care,
Expecting ev'ry day to see
Umbrellas growing there.

And sure enough when winter came—
I know you'll be amazed—
By actual count I found that ten
Umbrellas I had raised.

A PSALM OF MONEY.

Tell me not with groans and sighing
That a panic's in the air,
For there is no use denying
It is nothing but a scare.

Money's coming, money's growing,
And the poor farm's not our doom,
Hence, there is no object throwing
Over us this horrid gloom.

Not great riches and not needing
Is the outcome of today,
So cheer up and go on leading
All your friends to be more gay.

Tears are sad and grief's depressing,
But some hearts are made of lead,
And oftimes black shrouds we're pressing,
For our loved ones not yet dead.

In the present money pinches,
In the golden eagle fight,
Do not be the one who clinches
Ev'ry copper cent in sight.

Trust the bankers, e'en tho' failing,
Let them have your cash a while,
Spend the dollars you are nailing,—
You'll get for each inch a mile.

Lives of millionaires remind us
It is good to have much gold,
But we have to leave behind us
All our wealth when we are cold.

Our wealth that perhaps another
Claiming that he is an heir
Or a loving, long-lost brother,
Will be sowing ev'rywhere.

Let us then be up and spending
With a smile for those we pass,
Sometimes giving, sometimes lending,
Let the panic go to grass!

PRICE MARKS.

Merchants, merchants, don't you know
  That we're on to you?
Don't you think we understand,
  Little tricks you do?
Tho' to fool us ev'ry day
  You, no doubt, take pains,
Give us credit, dry goods men,
  For possessing brains.

When you advertise that goods
  Now must be sold cheap,
We know that a harvest you
  Never fail to reap.
We're not taken in by sales,
  Not a single bit,
As you would not undersell
  For our benefit.

There are prices on your goods—
  Usually just two;—
One is meant to be the old,
  And the other new.

Yes, the former one is high
  And the latter low;—
Wonderful how you can slash
  All your prices so!

If you really would reduce
  As you'd have us think,
Deep into a hole you would
  Very quickly sink.
So don't waste your time, dear sirs,
  This way any more,
Tho' it's easy to make tags
  Just the day before.

THE NEW YEAR.

Happy New Year, men and women,
  Happy New Year, girls and boys!
Let me wish you all sincerely
  Twelve months brimming full of joys.
May new hopes and aspirations
  Stir within your hearts today,
Scaring last year's disappointments
  From your memories away.

Turn around and face the sunshine
  With its constant warmth and cheer,
Firm resolving you will seek it
  Ev'ry day throughout the year.
Clouds which darken your horizon,
  While you're gazing toward the light,
Are collections of thin vapor
  Which will soon drift out of sight.

Let unselfish love for others
  Prompt you oft to noble deeds:—
Flowers blooming by the roadside
  Are more beautiful than weeds.

Thro' life's mazes we all wander,
Many stumble as tho' blind,
So a helping hand be often
Stretching forth to lift mankind.

May this New Year be much better
Than the other years you've passed;
Let it be a strong foundation
Built to hold your future fast.
Use enough good bricks and mortar
So your edifice won't shake,
When the earth begins to tremble
With a San Francisco quake.

FREE ADVICE.

He had a horrid cold that day,
But went down town to work,
For, tho' he felt just terrible,
No duty would he shirk.

Upon the street he met a man
Who very kindly said,
"Just take a good, hot bath tonight
Before you go to bed."

Around the corner then he saw
His cousin, Mr. Wade,
Who told him he must surely drink
Some red-hot lemonade.

His partner in the office said,
"That cold to you will cling,
Until you try my remedy,
Which is a whisky sling."

The young stenographer turned round
And said, "I think it's best
To put some lard and turpentine
Tonight upon your chest."

At once the office boy looked up
And said, "I know what's fine.
There's nothing that will help you, sir,
More quickly than quinine."

And now a client wandered in,
"You have a cough—Oh, my!
If I were you, I'd hurry up
And take some rock and rye."

And thus it was the whole day long,
The cures came thick and fast,
And he was glad when it was time
To go out home at last.

His pockets were all bulging out
With bundles, large and small,
For, as each remedy was good,
He thought he'd try them all.

And since that night, he's never had
A cold and never will,
For he is lying peacefully
At rest in Prospect Hill.

BLUE SUNDAYS.

You may talk about your Sundays
  Being blue for men who are
Kept from riding on a trolley
  And from buying a cigar.

You may blow about the city
  Having taken this good streak
In forbidding down-town labor
  On the first of ev'ry week.

Ah, but how about the women,
  Have you thought of their toil yet?
They're the ones who break the Sabbath
  And this fact please don't forget.

They would much prefer to linger
  In the parlor with a book,
But they have to haunt the kitchen
  And the Sunday dinner cook.

Yes, and often, very often—
  It is sad, I must confess—
They are asked to pause while cooking
  And their husbands' trousers press.

Then again up in the bath room
They must break God's holy rule,
If they want their Neds and Susies
To look nice in Sunday school.

And perhaps the tiny stockings
Have great windows in the toes,
Or a handkerchief is lacking
For some darling, little nose.

But the patient, weary mothers
Go on smiling with their work,
For not even on the Sabbath
Would they any duty shirk.

They look forward to the evening,
When the children are in bed,
To a little bit of pleasure
When the papers can be read.

But now that will be denied them
If the men down town don't go,
For they'll have to spend their leisure
Entertaining them, you know.

So in speaking of blue Sundays,
Please consider women most.
As to men, who cause all trouble,
Let them have their Sunday roast.

KNOWLEDGE.

Life is too short to spend so many years
In quest of learning.
Hence, it is time that from the old hard paths
We now were turning.
How empty are the baby's brains when on
His journey starting.
What toil it takes to fill them up—and soon
With them he's parting.

Thro' all his childhood's fleeting days, at school
He must be working,
Receiving punishment, if any task
He would be shirking.
And after four years of his precious youth
At college spending,
He knows that even then 'neath wisdom's weight
He is not bending.

He must forever dig the stony paths
He would be trodding,
And keep his eyes turned from the sun while he
Is always plodding.
And when at last he feels his weary life
From him is going,
He sighs to think he must pass on without
More knowledge knowing.

Since many brilliant scientists this age
Is now possessing,
'Twould be to all humanity a great
And wondrous blessing,
If in some little tablets they would put
The germs of knowledge,
So that they'd be a substitute for work
At school and college.

Ambitious people then would surely have
Some time for resting,
And they would now and then, perhaps, indulge
In harmless jesting.
I'm confident that all the newly rich
Would be quite willing
To buy and swallow little polished pills
Of grammar filling.

A SCORCHER.

It's true that scorchers have great sport
In whizzing down the street,
And scaring half to death the men
And women whom they meet.

They go so fast that who they are
It's pretty hard to tell,
And all they leave behind for us
Is just that horrid smell.

But never mind, the time will come
When they will sorry be
For tearing down the steepest hills
With such rapidity.

So we won't try to roast them here;
It's not worth while, you know,
But let them keep it up until
They're scorching down below.

A QUESTION.

I'd like to be a scientist,
  Indeed I really should,
But when it comes down to the point,
  I don't suppose I could.

It's not because I don't believe
  That what they say is true;
But it's because I can't perform
  The miracles they do.

One time I had a bad toothache
  That lasted all the day,
And tho' I said it didn't ache,
  It wouldn't go away.

I've had the rheumatism bad
  And suffered much with pain.
Whene'er I said it didn't hurt,
  I said it quite in vain.

And now I have a cold or grippe,
  If that name pleases you,
And tho' I tell you I am well
  It is a fib—ki-choo!

So, like dear old George Washington,
I cannot tell a lie;
I'd rather suffer pain on earth
Than later when I die.

You see I'm from Missouri and
Some things they'll have to show
About their scientific church
Which I should like to know.

If mind is all and matter's naught,
As by them I've been told,
What is the matter when all mind
The matter when it's cold?

UNMASK!

Unmask, for it is New Year's eve;
The old year is departing.
Uncovered, squarely face yourself,
Before the new year starting.
If you're ashamed of what you see
Beneath the coat of varnish,
It's time to take a scrubbing brush
And rub off all the tarnish.

Unmask, while you are given pow'r,
To do your own removing,
For while you breathe the breath of life,
You ought to be improving;
Review your past with careful thought,
Your good and bad deeds weighing,
And ask yourself if your career
Is worth the price you're paying.

Unmask, for it's the proper time
To give your soul inspection,
And when you know what it requires
Give all its needs reflection.

If it has been abused this year
  Don't waste tonight in sorrow,
But grit your teeth and say, "I will
  Begin new life tomorrow."

Unmasked, experience the new
  And self-respected feeling,
And notice all the noble thoughts
  Within your bosom stealing.
You may feel weak at first if you've
  Had deviled ham for diet,
But you'll grow strong quite rapidly
  On angel food—just try it.

BRAIN FOOD.

When I consider what great books there are
And what grand thoughts they all contain,
The knowledge that they now are seldom read
Oft makes me sad and gives me pain.
Of course, on all well-stocked library shelves
They occupy a certain space,
But oh, how long a time they have to wait
Before they're taken from their place.
Most persons do not know the benefit
And joy they would derive, if they
Would spend a little portion of their time
In reading good books ev'ry day.
Just as the body needs its exercise
And wholesome food of ev'ry kind,
So ought much time and care be given to
Developing the human mind.
If brains could be exposed to view instead
Of being hidden far inside
The head, in moulding our grey matter we,
No doubt, would take more pains and pride.
We'd be ashamed to let our neighbors see
The poor, diseased, and crippled state,
Our brains were in. We would the shrunken cells
With literary breath inflate.
Those who had mental indigestion caused
By latest novel diets might
Take Shakespeare tonic for a while at least
To stimulate their appetite.
They'd see the fatal, weakening effect,
They'd realize how minds were hurt,
By giving them so much newspaper hash
And spicy magazine dessert.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

Transmigration of souls is an old-time belief
Held by persons in ancient days schooled,
But today it is lightly passed over and oft
By great scientists much ridiculed.
Tho' there's much in the doctrine that I don't believe,
The essential rule strikes me as true—
I'm convinced that the characteristics of man;
The low animal stage have passed thro'.

Now some persons I'm sure were at one time old cats.
Of their presence you cannot lose track,
For, altho' you may drop them again and again,
You know well they will always come back.
And the persons who spend all their life on the road
And from trunks cannot shake themselves free,
Are as awkward and restless when in their own homes
As an elephant ever would be.

I have often seen women with manners so sly
That I've thought they resembled a fox,

And the ladies who make grand displays of their clothes
Are a species of lovely peacocks.
And the maiden so pretty, yet modest and shy,
Who will sometimes skip off when you're near,
Oft impresses the men with the fact she's a prize,
But they soon will find out she's a deer.

And right on down the line, you can trace the descent
Of the soul from its animal stage,
Until now it's arrived in its present day form
And enjoying the life of this age.
Let me add, if you do not believe what I've said,
You can prove it yourself in this way—
Just name over your friends, who at one time, were geese,
And are monkeys, yes, big ones, today.

AFFECTATION.

I have wondered as I've watched them,
Who some persons think they are,
For their manners, so affected,
Give my nerves a painful jar.
They seem trying to impress one
Ev'ry time they make a move,
That they're charming or attractive,
But this fact they'll have to prove.

For those, liking imitations,
Persons of this stamp will do,
But such open counterfeiting
Is admired by very few.
When I buy a silver teaspoon,
I search for the sterling sign,
For tho' it is nicely plated,
I don't want cheap goods for mine.

When I see a woman smiling
With a smile that's not her own,
I desire to gaze upon her
Sometime when she is alone.
For I'd really like to see her
When she is her natural self,
After she has laid her manners
With her false hair on a shelf.

I should like to put a question
To my readers, near and far—
Why do people when they're airy
Hate the little letter R?
Those who used to knife their pie crust
Now speak of a knife and "fo'k."
Would they have us think, I wonder,
They were "bo'n back in New Yo'k?"

Yet I can't help feeling sorry,
And my heart with pity melts,
When I see a person striving
To be like somebody else,
For it is a proof he isn't
Blessed with very much real pride,
Or he wouldn't show so plainly
That himself he wants to hide.

GOING, NOT GONE.

The neighbor rose and said, "I think
It's time for me to go;
I've stayed much longer than I had
Intended, don't you know."

"Oh, do sit down," the hostess said,
"It's early yet, my dear;
I haven't seen you for so long,
Altho' you live so near."

"I know it is a shame that I
Am not more neighborly,
But I have so much work to do—
I sew continually."

"Oh, yes, indeed, I know you do,"
The charming hostess said,
While thoughts of dinner yet to cook
Went chasing thro' her head.

"But when you're here, you ought to stay
At least a little while;
Now do sit down and talk some more,"—
She smiled her sweetest smile.

The neighbor had already moved
A little toward the door,
But looked more stationary than
She had appeared before.

"I'd like to stay," she said, "but I
Must tear myself away;

I'll come again, dear Mrs. Brown.
Perhaps, next week I may."

"Why won't she go?" the hostess thought,
"Already it is late;
I wonder how much longer she
Intends to stand and wait?"

The neighbor then went on to say
How often she had planned
To call, but where the time had gone
She could not understand.

Then Mrs. Brown grew desperate
And said, "Dear Mrs. White,
I'd really love to have you stay
And dine with us tonight."

A frightend look now glistened in
The caller's pretty eyes—
"Is it so late as that?" she asked
In evident surprise.

"Why, really, now, since you insist
Upon my staying here,
Your invitation I'll accept,
Altho' I ought not, dear."

Then with a happy, little smile,
Dear Mrs. White sat down,
While to the kitchen, in posthaste,
Went angry Mrs. Brown.

NOT FOR ME.

I hate to think that women
  Are fools about their clothes,
And yet it is a fact that
  Most ev'rybody knows.
Dame Fashion has assurance
  Her smallest whim we'll heed
And that we'll follow gladly
  Wherever she may lead.

She tells us just exactly
  The gowns that we must wear
And how we have to fasten
  Dead rats within our hair.
Altho' we look like scarecrows
  We go upon the street;
I wonder we don't frighten
  The autos that we meet.

She's made us use our dresses
  For brooms to sweep the ground,
Collecting horrid microbes
  That ev'rywhere abound.
And now she's made us chop off
  One third of ev'ry skirt
So that Jack Frost is likely
  Our little feet to hurt.

And I with all the others
  Obeyed her queer commands,
And let my whole appearance
  Be clay within her hands,
Tho' often I was startled
  By work she had performed.
On looking in the mirror,
  I've thought myself deformed.

But all things have a limit
  And now I draw the line;
There'll be no heathen earrings
  In any ears of mine.
I'd just as soon have hanging
  And flashing ev'ry night,
In each one of my nostrils,
  A small electric light.

MADE OVER.

She was a stylish woman, for
  She understood the way
To make her old last season's clothes
  The fashion of today.

She knew just how to renovate
  The style of any gown,—
Long skirts were shortened skillfully
  And sleeves turned up side down.

She'd change the color of her hats
  From white or pink to blue,
And bows and feathers from the store
  Would make them look like new.

And when it came to cooking, then
  She really did excel,
And it was just because she could
  Make over things so well.

She had a husband, who in youth
  The wildest things would do,
But now he is a saint because
  She made him over, too.

IF GEORGE COULD SPEAK.

Once more my birthday's come around,
Again my praises must be sung,
Tho' many years with my old name,
America has loudly rung.
I often wish you'd let me lie
In peace within my narrow grave,
For I am tired of hearing that
I was a hero, true and brave.

The little cherry tree which you,
Keep telling children that I cut,
No longer is a cherry tree,
For it is now a great chestnut.
If I had chopped my father's tree,
I would have given dad the slip,
Since no confession would have saved
Me from the lashes of his whip.

Now do not think that I'm a crank,
Because I don't appreciate
The way the anniversary of
My birth you all still celebrate.
I merely wish you'd bear in mind
I was a man the same as you,
And had my share of faults and sins
And made a lot of blunders, too.

It's been a long time since I sat
Within the presidential chair,
But ever since I had that seat
I have been loaded down with care.
"The Father of His Country" is
The title you have given me.
Has Teddy Roosevelt aught to say
About my whole dear family?

Your hero worship makes me smile,
And sometimes causes me much pain,
For I know how you'd hoot at me,
If I'd appear on earth again.
I'd be the worst back number that
Most anyone would choose to meet,
And as I'd dodge your autos, all
The dogs would chase me down the street.

I'm very sorry I was born
Upon the twenty-second, for
It looks to me as tho' you'll keep
This business up forevermore.
Another day, and I would not
Have felt I was obliged to urge
You thus to let me rest—it would
Have been just twenty-three for George.

MY NEW MAMMA.

I don't like mammas when you buy 'em ready-made
Like papa did. I wisht a higher price he'd paid
And got one made to order.
My papa seems to think that she is very nice,
But guess, if he would stop and think about her twice,
He'd feel like I do toward 'er.

My firstest mamma died about three months ago
And me and papa felt just awful bad, you know,
And I was dreadful sorry
For papa, 'cause each night he used to cry and cry,
And I was scared for fear he might get sick and die,
But he said, "Don't you worry!"

And soon he came a-luggin' home this other one
And smilin' awful happy-like he said, "My son,
Here is a bran new mother."
But I just stood and sized her up a minute and
I said, "She isn't new at all. She's second hand.
I'd go and buy another."

My other mamma used to be so good and kind.
She was the bestest mamma you could ever find,
But papa used to scold 'er.
And when to this new mamma he was so polite,
I put a great big beetle in her ear one night.
"He'll change some day," I told 'er.

Bob Smith says papa made a match when he
Brought my new mamma home that night to give to me,
But that's a funny notion.
'Tain't true, 'cause if there'd been a spark 'round any place,
I guess, with all the powder on my mamma's face,
There'd been a big explosion.

VACCINATION.

It was true the smallpox raged
  Ev'rywhere about,
And the people felt they should
  Try to stamp it out.
Vaccination was the means
  That must be employed,
Tho' the process wasn't one
  That could be enjoyed.

One by one the children went
  To the doctor there,
And with sleeves all rolled up high
  Stood with arms quite bare.
'Twas a duty that they must
  Ev'ry one perform,
To avoid the school board's wrath
  And perchance a storm.

But at last a little girl
  Started fast away,
"You can't vaccinate me, sir,"
  She was heard to say.
"I'm a Christian Scientist,
  So you must allow
Absent treatment for my arm—
  And I'll take it now."

FALL MILLINERY.

For our new hats we looked about
And hunted ev'rywhere,
Until at last we all gave up
And went home in despair.

'Twas not because there were no hats,
But they were far too high
For anyone but millionaires'
Or bankers' wives to buy.

But on our rounds we'd taken in
The leading styles, of course,
And all agreed with one assent
They could not be much worse.

And so we said we thought that we
Some headgear would create,
And if we looked like wild west shows
We'd be quite up-to-date.

And then we took our last year's hats
And put the backs in front—
To have most of the brim behind
Is now the proper stunt.

We took our feather duster from
It's place behind the door,
And such a bath in gasoline
It never had before.

But when upon my sister's head
The duster's feathers sat,
We girls declared we'd never seen
A more becoming hat.

For Sunday dinner then we all
Indulged in chicken stew,
As we had figured out that we
Could use the feathers, too.

We dipped them in some blueing which
For washday we had made,
And on my other sister's hat
They were a lovely shade.

And now I'm waiting patiently
Until Thanksgiving's o'er,
And when they see my turkey plumes,
My sisters will feel sore.

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